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For the New-Yorker.

SONG TO ZELIA.

"Be thou the rainbow to the storms of life." *Byron.*

A song of gladness since once again
The hours fly pinioned with glory;
For Fate has unbound the palsying chain
Of Despair from Time's wing hoary:
A song! for the low dirge of Sorrow
Is turned to a strain of gladness;
And the summer sun of to-morrow
Shall chase away care and sadness.

My spirit—of late as benighted
As a cloud 'neath a moonless sky—
Is radiant as ever, and lighted
By love-beams from Zelia's eye:
—A lament! for she is advancing,
Whose bloom 'neath my dark fate must fade,
Like the blue-eyed violet, glancing
In the dew of the hemlock shade.

As the sunset to the cold billow
Is her love to my leafless heart;
For while her young faith is my pillow
I can smile at Fate's threatening dart.
Her voice is the lark's song of gladness,
When he drinks the Morn's purple ray;
And her smile can dissipate sadness,
As the sun melts the night-mists away.

Her eye is the star which shall guide me
When sorrows are deep'ning around;
And, though the cold world may deride me,
Still find there a balm for its wound;
As the Indian knows by his charming
The cunning-eyed serpents to tame;
Their fangs by his music disarming,
Till he makes them his harmless game—

So her lute can still the commotion
Of passions more deadly than they,
And pour, o'er the soul's raging ocean
The beams of a heavenlier day:
Then away with such gloomy foreboding!
Away! for this hour is not yours;
Sure ye never can find an abode in
An Eden of love-dreams and flowers! FALCONER.

For the New-Yorker.

SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.—No. V.

BY ERNEST SERENGER.

AN ADVENTURE IN REAL LIFE.

It was in the spring of 18— that I took my passage on board a steamboat at New-Orleans to wend my way to the more temperate climes of the North. There is no place on earth like the cabin of a Mississippi steamboat for the study of character. There men usually throw off all restraint and act themselves out. Take care of No. 1, is legibly written on every countenance around you; and Selfishness comes forth unmasked to assume supremacy over the contending impulses of the mind. And then there is no end to the variety of the *humani generis* presented to the observation.—The very antipodes in fortune, mind and morals, are brought together. The English gentleman of pleasure and the French *petit maitre*—the sturdy Swiss mountaineer and the raw Paddy—the merchant and the mechanic, the lawyer and the soldier, the gambler and the priest, are not unfrequently gathered together in strange confusion. Some are bound in quest of spectacles, and others of fortune—some to pray and others to fight; all bent upon their several schemes of curiosity, avarice, ambition or benevolence. Here, in fact, men of different climes and different opinions, and of habits and modes of thinking as far as heaven and earth asunder, may be found together by the ears. The consolidationist jostles the nullifier; the abolitionist runs foul of the slave-owner; and the Van Burenite and the Harrison man, the Catholic and Calvinist, the temperance and the anti-temperance man, each instinctively singling out the other for an antagonist, rush with eagerness to the wordy warfare.

"Now I *guess likely* you're mistaken," says the Yankee.

"No, I'm not, I *reckon*," says the Southron.

"I tell you you're a d— *or'nary* scoundrel, and I should be rather *jubous* about trusting you with a fippenny bit, d— me!" says the Hoosher.

"If any man tells *me* that, the way I'll row him up Salt River will be a caution, by ——!" roars the Kentuckian.

Here the general conversation is interrupted by the loud harangue of a slave-holder at the further end of the cabin: "The dignity of the South, sir, has been insulted—(a loud thump on the table)—her rights have been trampled upon—(thump, thump)—yes, sir, the very rights guaranteed her by the Constitution! She demands redress and protection; and if Congress does not grant it by legislation, she will seek it, sir—(muttering through his teeth)—at the point of the sword! Yes, sir—(a thundering rap on the table)—

"He, he, he!" giggled an Englishman, with a sneer in an under tone to his republican antagonist; "this is a specimen of your republicanism. You see you will soon be at each others' throats."

Such was the scene which offered itself to the eye with all its hubbub and diversity, and French, Spanish, Dutch and English all struck the ear with a kind of Babel-like confusion. Curses and cards, menaces and altercations, with an occasional knock-down and flourishing of dirks and pistols, served to break the monotony of the passage.

Our female passengers, however, afforded a more pleasant subject for speculation. There was among them one young lady in particular, so exquisitely beautiful as to attract general admiration. She seemed to be a genuine Southern girl, both in appearance and manners. Her beauty was of a kind peculiarly to my taste; an eye large and dark, now languishing and now flashing beneath the pencilled arches of her eyebrows; her hair plentiful and black as jet; an olive complexion, with the blood mantling in the cheeks, reminding one by its changing hues of the peach and the lily. Rich radiant, and rosy, her loveliness would have rendered her the fitting tenant of an Italian garden or a Spanish bower. The manners of this young lady displayed at once the ease and refinement of good society, and her dress bespoke the taste and wealth of the wearer.

Having obtained a seat opposite to her at the table, and being (to tell the truth) somewhat struck with her, I of course offered her all those delicate attentions which lay in my power, without exposing myself to the charge of obtrusiveness. By degrees a conversation was commenced, and the first step was thus taken towards an acquaintance.

Our next interview was in the evening. I was leaning listlessly over the guards of the boat when I heard her voice at my side, talking to the negro girl who appeared to be her attendant. To bring a chair was the work of a moment; and I soon had the happiness of being seated by her side in a *tête-à-tête*. The scenes before us—our latitude and longitude—the book I held in my hand, (the 'Essays of Elia,') with its quaintness and richness—its dry, droll and irresistible humor—Shakspeare, Hamlet, Racine, Andromache, were all severally and successively discussed. Our discourse turned upon our fellow-passengers—herself—myself—our residence, destination and object. I learned that her name was Julia F——; that she was the daughter of a merchant in New-Orleans, and had started under the conduct of a friend of her father's to visit some relatives at Cincinnati.—After a conversation protracted as it was pleasant, I waited upon her to the ladies' cabin, and retired to dream of her raven locks, bright eyes and silvery tones, through the night.—She was in sooth a rare girl, that same Julia F——.

The next day I made the acquaintance of Mr. Maitland, in whose charge my fair young friend was travelling. I did not like him. He seemed to me narrow-minded, cold and selfish. But as he left to me the pleasing task of entertaining Miss Julia while he was engaged at chess and backgammon, I could not for my soul complain of him. In the meanwhile our intimacy progressed very rapidly. We chatted, laughed, and sung together. By the way, she sang like seraph; and I could have listened to her for ever without fatigue.

"That song," said she, "is my sister's favorite. She sings it much better than I."

"Does your sister resemble you?" I asked.

She smiled as she replied, "I am told so—we were twins."

"She must be an angel," I rejoined warmly.

"Do you mean that for a compliment?" said she, blushing and laughing at the same time. "I have been thinking," she continued, "that we have achieved a considerable degree of intimacy, considering that our acquaintance is only of three days' standing, and that we have been without the help either of an introduction or of mutual acquaintances."

"It is for the simple reason," I replied, "that we have thrown by the straight-jacket of ceremony. There is no place like a steamboat or a stage-coach for the cultivation of friendship and intimacy. There is no room here for form, and the miscalled *politesse* of fashionable society gives way to the natural impulses of the heart."

"And these impulses are not invariably of the amiable kind," said she, as a volley of oaths from the cabin with the sounds of altercation burst upon our ears. "If you are an observer of human nature, you must find this a fine scene for the study of character."

"A fine scene truly! and yet there is too much of a Salvator-like coloring about it to suit my taste—too much of roughness and barbarity, and I may also add of the grovelling and disgusting. In fact, many of the scenes here remind one very strongly of that terrible place not to be mentioned to ears polite."

"And yet," she rejoined, "all these men are exposed to more or less of peril from the accidents of this mode of conveyance. Perhaps, indeed, this fact furnishes a clue to their conduct. For I have ever observed that those whose vocation most exposes them to death are usually the least prepared to meet it."

The night following this conversation furnished unfortunately a sad commentary to the concluding observation of my fair friend. Not feeling inclined to sleep, I sat up until a late hour. The river was shrouded with a thick fog, which shut out every object from view; and the boat was driving at random, and as I thought rather recklessly, upon her way.—However, the danger of lying to upon an unknown shore was by no means inconsiderable; and it was an alternative which the captain was desirous of avoiding. At length, however, being somewhat fatigued, I retired to my birth. Suddenly I was surprised by a shock which threw me at full length upon my cot. I started up and rushed into the cabin. It was filled with confusion and consternation.

"The boat is snagged!" cried out several voices at once, and there was a general rush for the deck. The boat was indeed snagged, and the water was rushing into her rapidly. But happily she was near the shore, upon which the pilot immediately ran her. Conceiving the danger to be over, as I saw the men leaping upon the bank to secure the cable, I ran below for the purpose of making preparations to debark.—I was busied in this manner when the captain rushed into the cabin with the astounding intelligence that we were floating again into the middle of the river, borne down by a rapid current. The cable had been secured on shore, but the other end was not fastened to the capstan. The consequence was that we were now at the mercy of the stream in a sinking boat! Never shall I forget the scene of affright and confusion that ensued. Shrieks, and groans, and exclamations of agony and terror, arose on all sides. The women were running to and fro, beseeching the male passengers to help them, weeping and wringing their hands. Some of the men were crying, some praying, some cursing; and more were

busted in illustrating 'the ruling passion' by lugging their trunks and treasures upon the deck. For my own part, I confess I was at first rather bewildered. But I was called to my senses by the sound of a voice which reminded me that I had something to do. It was that of Julia, addressed to Mr. Maitland.

"What shall we do?—are we in danger?" and she seized his arm.

"The boat is sinking—we shall drown!" was the abrupt reply, and he was turning away.

"Can you not save me?—will you not?" said she, with emotion; but he left her, and rushed upon the deck.

"Yes, I can, and will," I replied, approaching, and answering her question.

"God bless you!" was all that she could say, as she leaned upon my arm, which I held out to sustain her.

"But there is need of courage; we must swim."

Luckily, I had a life-preserver, which I carried in my hat. I immediately inflated it, and clasped it around her. While doing this, a man ran wildly up to me—

"What shall I do?" cried he; "I cannot swim; a life-preserver! (seizing hold of it)—you can do without it—I will have it, by G—!"

Not exactly understanding the principle of an appropriation of this kind, I requested him to desist; but, maddened by fear, he refused. My blood was up; and, drawing back, I struck him a blow on the breast, that sent him reeling to the side of the cabin. There was no time to be lost. The water came in over the cabin floor. We ran upon deck. Here was another scene which beggared description. It was crowded with men and women, imploring help with shrieks and groans. Here sat one man upon the trunk which contained his money, wringing his hands; and others were running fore and aft, with their bags of silver or gold in their hands. In the midst of all this confusion, a Kentuckian planter seized upon the boat, with ten or a dozen negroes whom he had on board, and thus saved himself and property, by leaving the women to perish. Curses, loud and deep, followed him, from the hopeless and drowning wretches whom he left behind.

The fog had partially cleared away, and we could see the shore about half a mile distant. Following the example of those who had plunged into the river, and were swimming for their lives, after counselling and encouraging my companion, I seized her in my arms, and leaped into the water. I was an adept at swimming, and believe I could have swam the Hellespont, had I Leander's temptation for so doing. I therefore felt little apprehension; and my companion displayed an admirable presence of mind, by encumbering me as little as possible. The life-preserver kept her afloat, and I had nothing to do but tow her along.

"We have talked, and laughed, and sung together, and we now consummate our acquaintance by taking a swim together in the Mississippi," said I, laughing, desirous of keeping up her spirits.

"Are we near the shore?" said she, anxiously.

"Do not be alarmed: there is no danger, my dear Miss F. Hold up a few moments, and we are safe."

But reaching the shore proved no trifling matter, as I found in the result. The rapid current, by carrying us down, doubled the distance which we were compelled to swim; and when we at length reached the bank after being totally exhausted, I almost despaired, on finding it so steep that it was impossible to effect a landing. Managing, however, to rest myself by seizing some bushes that hung over the water, we afterwards floated down the stream until we found a place where, with some difficulty, we made an ascent. I had but strength enough to draw Miss F. upon the bank, and fell back for some minutes, almost insensible from weariness.

And what became of the rest of the passengers? I answer—They were drowned, a great many of them. We heard their cries gradually dying away behind us, until the boat suddenly sank, and whelmed them in the stream. And now all was silent, save an occasional splash, or the

"——bubbling cry
Of some strong swimmer in his agony."

While sitting here, thanking God, in our own hearts, for our deliverance, we witnessed a little episode to this fearful tragedy, which testified to the indomitable force of avarice, even in the jaws of death. There came a man swimming to the shore, with a trunk in his teeth. It contained several thousand dollars in gold and silver. He reached the bank, and seized some bushes growing there, when a poor wretch who was floating down caught hold of him, and clambered up over his back upon the bank. He of the trunk could not help himself, having business both for his hands and his mouth at that moment; but after he had reached the shore, and recovered his strength, I was compelled to interfere, to save the poor devil from his fury. We made the best of our way to the first house we could find, which was that of a respectable planter. And there, to our great surprise, we found Mr. Maitland, quietly drying himself before the fire. He was rather embarrassed at the meeting, being conscious, perhaps, that he had performed the part of gallantry and generosity rather indifferently in his conduct towards Miss F. I think, for my own part, that I must have cut something of a figure—without a coat, hat, or boots. Fortunately, however, I had saved my pocket-book.

We parted next day—Mr. Maitland and Miss F. to go back to their starting-place, and I to continue my voyage to the North. The summer had gone, and winter was approaching, before I again concluded my wanderings by setting foot upon the quay at New Orleans. In the interim, I had narrowly missed being 'done for' by the random shot of a hunter in the northern prairies; had been half killed in a rail-road car, and half wrecked in a packet between New York and New Orleans; and I was thankful that I had been spared to behold even the dry face of my legal partner once more, and to renew my acquaintance with the dusty tomes that lined the walls of my office.

I was walking through the streets a few days after this, when I was suddenly arrested by the exclamation of a lady who was passing. It was Miss F. She eagerly seized and shook my hand, and introduced me to her father, a very gentlemanly looking man, as '*her preserver!*' He greeted me with the utmost warmth and feeling, reproachfully asking me—

"Why have you not let us hear from you before? But now you must go home with us; no excuse—Mrs. F. will never forgive me if I return without you."

We proceeded, accordingly, a short distance, and I was ushered, by my grateful conductors, into their splendid mansion. Julia uttered my name as we entered an apartment where several ladies were sitting. They all suddenly rose, with exclamations. Her mother came forward, and taking both my hands, thanked me so very kindly and feelingly, that, for the soul of me, I could hardly help crying outright. And then her pretty sister seized my hand, and told me how very grateful she was to me for saving her dear sister, &c.; and I was soon seated betwixt the love y twain, recounting my adventures.

After all, these fathers and mothers, and brothers and sisters, are vastly pleasant things, in the main; and it is somewhat disagreeable to feel that one is fatherless, motherless, brotherless and sisterless. So I began to think; and I began to curse my stars, which had denied me these blessings.

And now, my dear reader, how shall I conclude the matter? According to fiction, or fact?—reality, or romance? As one would have it, or as it was? Shall I marry her?—or shall I tell you that Julia, my angel, was nothing more nor less than an infernal flirt? That she made a run-away match with a Captain in the Mexican navy, with whose whiskers and moustaches she had fallen in love? That her sister married an M. C.? That her father cancelled his obligations to me, by offering me a $100 bill, which I very politely refused, telling him—"It that was the price at which he invoiced his daughter, I was very sorry; since I might have made a better speculation by leaving her on board, and following the example of my fellow passengers, (i. e.)—swimming ashore with my trunk?"

SUPERSTITION.

There seems to be an inbred affinity to superstition in the mind of man. It is like a baneful weed, which often selects the richest soil, and grows without culture. It springs up spontaneously, and spreads itself through the whole frame-work of the feelings, until it bids defiance to every effort for its total eradication. How difficult is it, oftentimes, even for the maturer reason of manhood to erase its early belief in the hob-goblin tales of the nursery! Even to the latest moment of life, there sometimes remains a lingering of childish credulity in regard to supernatural existences. And in the hour of darkness, in despite of philosophy, fancy will occasionally people the earth with its apparitions—

"With calling shapes and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues that syllable men's names,
On sands and shores and desert wildernesses."

Perhaps this disposition for the incredible is a natural result of the circumstances in which we are placed. We are surrounded with mysteries; the world is full of them. Many of the most common events and operations of nature are veiled with a curtain, dark and impervious to human scrutiny. We see the results, but the causes are hidden in clouds. And while Knowledge returns, baffled, from its blind wanderings through labyrinthine mazes, Conjecture takes up the Ariadne thread, and follows out the 'foregone conclusions' of fancy. To relieve the perplexity of ignorance, we are even glad to let

"Our frail thoughts daily with a false surmise."

On no other subjects is this more true, than those which relate to a future existence. Invisible and unknown as are its scenes and objects, except from the dim and often uncertain light thrown upon them from the pages of revelation, it affords a limitless range for the play of the imagination. We are anxious to discover a nearer and more palpable connexion betwixt its scenes and those in which we move, and to bring back its departed inhabitants to the intercourse and converse of the life they have left. It is thus that we are led to dream, and almost to believe, that

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep."

There is indeed something indescribably shocking and repulsive in the thought that death, when it severs the thread of life, cuts off all communication with its scenes and objects; that its gates are windowless—shutting out every glimpse and recollection of the Past by the dead-wall blank of oblivion. We are tempted to ask—Can it be? Can all the heart's warm emotions and passions so suddenly die? And can the gushing current of affection cease to flow with the blood which circulates in the arteries? Can it be, that the shades of night which settle down upon life, extinguish, also, the attachments which endeared, and the loves which hallowed it? Verily, the doctrine of supernatural appearances is a soothing one, though it may be unphilosophical.

For the New-Yorker.

THE CLARION PEAL AT NIGHT.

THERE came an echo loud and clear,
That rung within my startled ear,
And broke my slumbering with affright;
It was a sound of fearful tone,
A blast of terror madly blown—
'T was the clarion peal at night.

Again it winds the dread alarm;
Bold hearts in haste for battle arm,
A valiant host in deadly fight;
And 'mid the shout and clang of steel,
Still higher swells that startling peal—
'T is the clarion peal at night.

There was a sound of trampling steeds,
As when the war-horse onward speeds,
With burning breath and harness bright;
But soon the clang and courser's bound
In distance died, and left no sound,
Save the clarion peal at night.

Then did my fancy paint the strife,
Where long, for glory and for life,
Brave men were struggling in their might;
And then there came a long, loud blast—
'T was Triumph's own, and 'twas the last
Of the clarion peal at night.

And silent then was every breath,
When, hovering round the field of death,
Red Carnage revelled on the sight;
And, when the radiant morn awoke,
The strife had ceased, the spell was broke,
Of the clarion peal at night.

Union College, Schenectady, N. Y. L. S. M.

For the New-Yorker.

THE FATHER'S FATE.

"The father of Caius Toranius, when seized by the officers of the triumvirate, more anxious for the safety and fortunes of his son than about the little that might remain of his own life, began immediately to inquire of them whether his son was well; whether he had done his duty to the satisfaction of his Generals? 'That son,' replied one of the officers, 'so dear to thy affections, betrayed thee to us; by his information thou art apprehended and diest.'"

Trans. Valer. Max. lib. ix. cap. II.

"The doomed is found!" loud rose the exulting cry—
"Lead forth the doom'd—the frail old man to die!"
He came, a man of venerable mien;
And where his thin locks parted shone serene
A brow, high, intellectual, sublime,
That breathed defiance to the touch of Time,
An eye that beamed submission, not despair,
And yet a look of triumph mingled there,
A gleam of hope—though for another's weal,
O'er his worn features did a moment steal.

Though human fiends relentless round him stood,
Though Death insatiate o'er him waved his brand,
High thoughts, and hopes still clustered round that son
Whose race of glory deemed he scarce begun,
His sun was setting—freely might his veins
Pour their rich tribute o'er Italian plains,
Sweet in their urn would his lone ashes rest,
So his son's pathway might be cloudless—blest!
Though never more that cherished form might come,
Bounding to meet him in his childhood's home—
For him his riper years might bloom in vain,
Shine in the Council or on War's red plain—
'T were something still to know him high, and brave
True to that cause whose guerdon was—the grave

His eye glanced o'er the crowd, as if it sought
Something familiar there, but found it not;
Then quickly turning, questioned of his son:
"How fares my Caius? Hath he nobly done?"
With anxious eye he meets their gaze the while—
The captors answer with a demon smile,
"The son to whom thy doting heart has paid
An idle worship, hath his sire betrayed!
Such proof of love that generous son hath given,—
One breeze wafts him to favor—thee to Heaven!"

"The last, last, bitterest cup of human wo!
Oh! could not this be spared? My son my foe!"
He bowed his head in hopeless agony,
Yet none might know the whelming misery
Like a vast, turbid ocean without bound,
That pressed his spirit down, and swept around,
Above, beneath, wh re'er his eyes might fall.
The gazing crowd but saw the quiv'ring lip,
While from Despair's black chalice he must sip;
They only saw the strong convulsed frame,
The fitful energy that went and came;
They only saw the anguish of that eye,
The flashing poniard strike!—the captive die!
They could not know the fierceness of the grief
Which rent his heart—yet promised no relief.
How oft is this the meed of good, and brave,
Ingratitude—dishonor—and a grave!

Montrose, Pa. Jan. 1837. A. L. F.

For the New-Yorker.

A SEA SKETCH.

AN EXTRACT FROM AN UNPUBLISHED JOURNAL.

* * * * * We had been some twenty days out sight of land. The wind nearly all the time had been light and baffling, hauling round the compass in sheer caprice—completely a transcript of the cook's journal: 'Light winds and variable—a little rain withal.' The weather was warm—not too warm, but delightfully pleasant—and the evenings, with a glorious full moon to light them, were indescribably beautiful. Reader, have you ever seen the moon rise at sea? Believe me, 'tis worth a long voyage to behold it. I know not why it is, but our journalising travellers seem to have quite overlooked its beauties. They tell us in raptures of morning and the sunrise, but less frequently have they made mention of the rising moon. True, a fine morning at sea is delightful, but it ill compares with the glories of the evening. The twilight comes on—it grows darker and darker, when all at once you behold bursting fro a the ocean apparently a globe of fire; slowly and calmly it emerges, presenting a strange contrast with the darkness around, which it seems to make visible. You feel astonished that aught so fiery and so luminous could have arisen from the dark waters below. Now it has ascended in the heavens, its fiery color gradually disappearing, till it throws a temperate silvery light over the whole heavens. Add to this a good ship, with a fair breeze, and under a full press of canvass, springing onward and onward, while she parts the wave before her and scatters the spray wildly around, and you have a scene which daylight cannot equal.

Then again a calm by moonlight; when the good ship no longer answers to her helm, but rolls in idleness upon the sea, the sails hanging to the masts or flapping backwards and forwards awake* and restless. The moon rises to give beauty to the scene. She presents a different aspect at every moment—now lightly veiled with clouds, to which it lends a beautiful rosy tinge—now bursting from under them and coursing for a while without a speck upon its disk, and then darkened suddenly by a deep black vapor which rudely obscures what it cannot destroy. Run up into the mizzen-top, or, if you dare, ascend as far as the mizzen top piece, and look around you. The ship rolling listlessly about, the flapping sails, the shadows cast upon the rigging as cloud after cloud envelo; es the moon—the sky above—the deep waters below—what pencil can sketch! what pen can describe!—At such a time the 'Rime of the Ancient Mariner' comes forcibly to mind, whose vessel lay

'As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.'

But to return from my *luna*-tic digression. We had been out twenty days, and had experienced nothing like heavy weather; indeed, some of our passengers felt almost like grumbling that they should cross the Atlantic and not see a storm! For the last day or two we had had southerly winds, with occasional spits of rain, which rendered it less agreeable on deck. At noon we had a fresh breeze from the southwest; towards night the wind began to haul, and at tea the frequent order to brace up the yards together, with an occasional lurch of the ship, plainly indicated a change of wind and freshening of the breeze. About ten o'clock I went on deck; the wind was fresh and nearly west; the night was black as clouds and darkness could make it. The rain came in occasional gusts and with a good deal of violence. We were still carrying whole topsails, but it was evident we carried them with difficulty.

The captain stood at his accustomed post on the weather-side of the quarter deck, his Herculean form completely enveloped in a huge sea-coat, with one hand hold of a belaying pin to steady himself—now eyeing the sails, then giving a glance at the weather, as if questioning how it would blow, and again narrowly watching the effect of each gust upon his topmasts. "Will it blow hard to-night, think you?" said I. "It looks rather ugly just at present," was the reply. "Mr. Drummond, take a reef in the fore and mizzen topsails." "Ay, ay, sir," said the mate—and the sailors were soon divided in the fore and mizzen top. "Take a double reef," shouted the captain as the wind still freshened. It was soon done.

For the next half hour there was no perceptible change in the weather. Thinking that the wind had expended its violence, I said to the captain, "I think I will now turn in."—"Ay," replied he, "Mr. K. remained on deck long enough to ascertain that the captain would not neglect his duty, and now means to take his rest." I half assented to his joke, and, making some reply, went to my state-room.

I was awoke about midnight by my chair dancing a minuet out of my room across the cabin floor, the door having been left open. The ship seemed dancing a minuet too, fetching about like a mad creature. I jumped up; the tramp of the sailors overhead showed they were not idle. I gained the deck; it was evident that the wind had fearfully increased in violence, and that too very recently. "Call the second mate!" shouted the captain, while the cry was heard toward the forecastle, "Turn out! turn out! all hands on deck to shorten sail! Close reef the main topsail, and take in the mainsail!" was the order, and the sailors were soon extended along the main-topsail yard. I looked about me; our top-gallant sails were all in—fore and mizzen topsails close reefed. The deck was strewn with cordage, which in the hurry could not be coiled; the vessel rolling and pitching about, now almost submerged in the ocean and now coming up again, she struggled with the waters 'like a thing of life.'

As I looked upon the forms of the active tars extended along the maintopsail yard which reaches far over the ship's side, with a frail support to rest upon—the night dark, the sails and rigging wet, the ship in violent motion—I was fain to believe that, according to their own favorite notion, a protecting divinity watches over and guards them from accident and danger. The wind increased, driving furiously from the northwest. Our sails were all in, except what was necessary to steady the vessel. The ship lay in the trough of the sea, and at every roll it seemed as if she could not recover; but she did recover, and that handsomely. Now the spray would scatter furiously over her,—and then, with a deeper plunge, she would ship a sea which carried destruction to every thing within its reach. The bulwarks were swept away as if they had been made of glass, and every thing movable on deck carried into the ocean. The confusion increased; the wind swept and whistled through the masts and rigging as I have heard a northwester sweep through the tall trees upon land—blowing and blowing without the least obstacle to mitigate its violence. It came harder and harder; the sea grew more and more tempestuous, heaping wave upon wave till it ran mountain high: we were struggling with the fierce spirit of the tempest! * * * * K.

* A sail when filled is said to be 'wrapped full,' or 'asleep,' and when flapping from want of wind is said to be 'awake.'

For the New-Yorker.

HURRICANES AND NORTHEAST STORMS.

An esteemed friend has recently called my attention to an essay by Mr. W. Gaylord, on the northeast storms of our climate, which appears in the New-Yorker, of January 28. The ability with which Mr. G. has treated his subject, and more especially, the favorable notice which he has been pleased to bestow upon my humble efforts to elucidate the true character of these storms, would be quite sufficient to dissuade me from attempting any comments on his essay, were it not apparent that my views have, to some extent, been misapprehended by Mr. G. and probably by other intelligent readers.

In the summary essays which I have been called to publish on this subject, it has been my object to exhibit, in as clear a manner as I was able, the actual phenomena of some of our most violent storms, and to show that, in the cases which have been fully examined, these storms consist essentially of an extensive body or disk of the lower atmosphere, moving with the general atmospheric current of this region, and at the same time whirling from right to left around its own progressive centre of rotation. That this compound movement, if rightly contemplated, clearly explains all the common phenomena of a northeasterly, or a southerly storm, Mr. G. has assisted in showing. It having proved, then, to be a matter of fact, that our most remarkable storms exhibit this rotative action, and that they proceed in a curvilinear course from the lower to the higher latitudes, and in the latter from west to east, these results may be legitimately adopted as a theory, which in like cases may be fairly applied to other storms, which do not exhibit phenomena decidedly at variance with the foregoing results.

Mr. Gaylord supposes that I have fallen into the error of "stretching my theory to cover cases to which it is not applicable; or in other words, confounding the hurricanes of the tropics with the ordinary gales of the temperate regions." But so far from having applied this theory without discrimination, I have even taken occasion to point out a class of exceptions to special notice; a class to which one of the cases adduced by Mr. G. indisputably belongs. I have also left it to others to reconcile the ascertained phenomena of our principal storms with their own or the prevailing system of natural philosophy as best they might, and have not even attempted to write out a complete theory of storms. Had I done so, my theory would have comprised a solution of the difficulty which Mr. G. has met with, in reconciling the cold and snow of some storms, with their supposed progress from the tropical latitudes. Perhaps he is not aware that storms, which have been traced from the West-Indies, have produced snow *out of season* in their progress across New-England. I will here state, as a test for Mr. G.'s own theory, that some of the most remarkable cold of our

winters has appeared and ended a day sooner in the gulf of Mexico, than in New-York and New-England.

Mr. Gaylord says also that the "rotary system," though applicable to the storms of the tropics, "is incompatible with the duration" of the ordinary storms of the temperate regions; and in reasoning this point he assumes as a fact that "a real northeast gale, such as I suppose to be produced by the northwestern margin of my circle of rotation, rarely lasts less than three days." I have misapposed that all our great storms can be traced directly to the tropical latitudes; and in regard to the duration here assigned to our northeast storms, it is sufficient to state that is does not agree with my own recorded observations. In reasoning this point Mr. G. also assumes hypothetically a West-India hurricane as "forming a circle of sixty miles in diameter and moving at the rate of forty miles an hour;" but I have never obtained knowledge of a storm in the West Indies answering to this character. I have information, however, of a storm which covered at the same point of time all the West India Islands which lay north of Trinidad, having a diameter, therefore, of about five hundred miles. This storm passed through the tropical latitudes at the rate of about eleven miles an hour, and if it slackened its pace and expanded its dimensions in the ratio which Mr. G has adduced as the basis of his reasoning, its duration, on reaching New-England, may be calculated as equal to twelve days, a period which is quite sufficient to satisfy his requirements.

In supporting the theory of Dr. Franklin, Mr. G. is fully aware that I have never questioned the *fact* that our northeast storms begin in the southwest. On the contrary, I have shown that our southeast and more southerly storms, by virtue of their identity with the northeasters, begin in the same quarter; a fact which was not suspected by Franklin, as his own reasoning fully proves.—It is only the hypothesis which he ventured to propose, in order to account for this then paradoxical phenomenon, which I deem to be overthrown by later investigations which have shown a state of facts at variance with his hypothesis in its most essential points; and I have only alluded incidentally to this well-known discrepancy. The memory of Franklin is justly venerated by every friend of science; and I find reason to believe that he understood the *modus operandi* of the smaller whirlwinds more correctly than some later writers on Meteorology.

No person can rationally attempt to include these regular northeast winds, which flow in the nature of a current without causing the fall of the barometer, as pertaining to the theory of whirlwind storms, nor can it be reasonably expected that the great storms which cross our continent in these latitudes, should exhibit, in despite of all our extended elevations, the same phases of winds as our coast storms, even if they are essentially of the same rotative character. This remark may apply to the extensive storm of the 5th of October, which is described by Mr. Gaylord; but we shall in vain attempt to reconcile the ascertained phenomena of this storm with the Franklinian hypothesis.

It is hoped that Mr. Gaylord will continue perseveringly the investigations of our geographical meteorology, for which he is apparently so well fitted. This department of the science has been too long neglected, and needs the labor of all who may have taste or talent for its cultivation; and a position in the basin of the great lakes offers peculiar advantages for observing the phenomena of our great over-land storms.

W. C. REDFIELD.

New-York, February 25, 1837.

THE HUMAN STATURE.—Individuals of very remarkable height have frequently existed; and among them the following examples, which we believe to be well authenticated, may be adduced:

	Feet.	Inches.
Duke John Frederic, of Brunswick, Hanover,	8	6
One of the King of Prussia's guards,	8	6
Gilly, a Swede, (exhibited as a show,)	3	0
Reichardt, of Friedberg, near Frankfort,	3	9
Martin Salmeron, a Mexican,	7	3
An Irishman, (skeleton in the London College,)	8	4
A Danish female, named La Pierre,	7	0

But, while we call to recollection these and other gigantic personages, we may remember, that a remarkable diminution of stature is likewise frequently observable.

Bebe, King of Poland, measured only 33 inches, (Fr.)

Bonolaski, a Polish nobleman, skilled in many languages, 28 inches, (French.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PORTRAIT PAINTER.

NO. III.

"Allow me," said the young and joyous Lord S——, as he entered my studio one bright day, "to introduce a friend and school-fellow. Mr. D'A—— is a sad misanthrope; but I have prevailed on him to accompany me to-day, and as he *is devoué* to the arts, I crave your permission for him to admire and meditate upon your 'rooms of beauty,' for such they are," added he, gaily looking around.

"I shall be too happy," replied I, ushering the young and distinguished-looking stranger into an adjoining room, whose walls were covered with framed and unfinished pictures, sketches, and casts.

Returning to Lord S—— (who was to have a sitting)—"That is a most strange fellow," said he, after a pause; "he is handsome, as you see; he belongs to one of the first families in England (a little more to the right, eh? eh! very well—will that do?) Oh! his father is departed—gone *to his fathers*, I suppose—and D'A—— was rich, clever, and the *fashion*—when suddenly he left England in despair—cause unknown! He did not go to Paris or to Rome, where a man may forget all things, even himself; but to Arabia, Persia, and the Holy Land—a pilgrimage, in short! (More to the light—so?) Some time after his departure, I *have* heard that he met with some old paper; what he saw there I know not, but that moment decided him, and he became a misanthrope, forswore all society, men and women, would not write or speak to, hear or see an English person, and that for two long years! *Now* it is only business, imperative business, which has brought him to town, and that for a few days only; for even in England he will see no one who has known his former haunts. He has been here but a week, and starts for Nova Zambla to-morrow! I was once his dearest friend, and *sends* him come this morning to your studio. Strange fellow that—mysterious and romantic quite—is it not?" laughed my gay young sitter.

As I was about to reply Mr. D'A—— re-entered the room; he expressed much calm admiration, some courteous and judicious criticism; and seeing his love for beauty, I brought forward a number of miniatures he had not yet seen, and leaving him to examine them, returned once more to my colors.

Mr. D'A—— was decidedly handsome; he had manly and yet chiselled features, a broad white brow, and a frame of elegant faultless proportions. A mouth which, though now compressed and almost despairing in its sternness, could evidently smile most sweetly, and eyes—dark eyes—whose expression, soft and gentle as a woman's, could only be described by saying that they were "filled with love" for all things good and beautiful; a voice deep and touching, a manner kind and conciliating.—Could this man be a misanthrope?

One after another he opened the rich cases, till at length he came to one which was but lately finished, and which represented a face of no common loveliness. "Good God!" was his unguarded exclamation, "can it be her?" and his cheek changed suddenly and strangely, whilst his lip quivered fearfully.—"Forgive me," apologized he, "but tell me who this is?"

For a moment, which to him seemed to be an age of agonized suspense, I could not recall the name—

"Miss R. of Langton Hall, in Devonshire," was my reply.

"Are you certain?" said he, in breathless agitation—"ah! was it taken—you do not know——"

"Three months ago Miss R. first sat to me, but since that she has quitted England."

"And—and—is she *still* Miss R.?" gasped he.

"She is—and is at this moment the reigning beauty at some German Court; my information is correct I know, as it was given to me by her cousin, Mrs. G——n, for whom that picture was taken."

"You do not, *cannot* mean it!" groaned Mr. D'A——, "how I have thrown away my happiness!"—for a moment his countenance was pale, and trembling with emotion; but soon rapture and hope illuminated his magnificent features. He shook my hand almost fiercely, and muttered, "You have saved me;" but added he, more calmly, "I owe you some explanation for this most wild conduct, and you too, dear S——, shall hear my tale:—

"Three years ago I first knew Miss R——, and to know her was, with me, to love her deeply, passionately. We were not engaged, but she well knew my adoration. When one night I saw her talking to a Mr. G——n, I did not like her manner, and I told her so—*she laughed*.—Maddened at what I thought her contempt—in anger and in rashness—I left the country, determined to forget her! By chance I met with an old paper, and saw in it the marriage of *Miss R*—— to Mr. G——n.

"To me there could be but *one* who bore that fatal name.—Fool that I was—I know it now—I see it all; it was her *cousin*! I see it now; but *then* it drove me to despair, and cursing my fate, I wandered a very wretch, —and as I would see no one, should have been still deceived but for this miniature.—This beautiful face and my own folly have been the cause of my strange conduct —but I *may* now once more be happy, and shall leave England to-night to seek and to implore forgiveness from her I have so long and so madly loved."

* * * *

He left us; but ere many months had passed he paid another visit to my studio; and on his arm leant his blushing and beautiful Bride—the lost, the sought, the *won*!—Miss R.—no longer!

L. D.

PORTRAIT OF AN IRISHMAN.—An Irishman is a man with two ideas, no better than one; to wit, a right one, and a wrong one, between which, like two stools, his wit comes constantly to the ground. Thus it is as natural for him to blunder as to breathe; his sign is Taurus, for he is constantly uttering dilemmas with horns to them. Verily, the expertest matador of Seville would be sorely tasked to encounter all the bulls which come out of his mouth. Hence he is a Catholic by nationality; for the Pope makes bulls likewise, and is therefore a mere Irishman born at Rome. For the rest of his religion, he confesses to at least nine of the seven mortal sins: and, above all, Sabbath-breaking, by which he understands eating flesh on a Friday. In his politics he is commonly a partisan; his main aversion being a trimmer, or, as he describeth him, a man who sits on both sides of the house at once. He holds the Emerald Isle to be the brightest ruby in the British crown: and recommends England and Ireland to unite in repealing the Union. He hath a scheme for reducing tithes from a tenth to a fifth; and another for furthering the education of the poor, by means of Sunday Schools twice a week. In hospitality he is prince-like; for he giveth all he hath, though it be but a potato. "It is not much," he saith, "but you are as welcome as the flowers of May, if it was twice as little." In amicality he will stick to his friend as long as he has a stick to do it withal; for he is not so much a member of a club as a club is a member of him; to wit, his shilelah, which, as it cannot write written hand, makes always its mark. To see him in his glory, as the *fidus Achates* of all mankind, you must behold him at the fair of Donnybrook, where the heads look up at the cudgels, like a Scottish man at an auld acquaintance, when he says unto him, "Come, gie's *yer* crack!" Next to Donnybrook, his delight is a duel, or pistol duet, wherein he prefers to play first rather than second; but he takes it amiss if there be not a hit, even on his own side. Rather than fail of a challenge, he would call out a deaf man to a ball in his ear! nay, he hath been known, for want of other satisfaction, to fly to self-satisfaction, by blowing out his own proper brains.—Hence war, which is the multiplication of a duel, is quite his element; only that he is far more fierce in multifarious fight, his least threat to his enemy being that he will "Cut off his head and throw it in his face." In love, his flame is like unto a kitchen fire, which requireth a wide range; for he is a sex genarian, or in love with some sixty of the sex at once. Yet for all this special license, he doth not incline to marry; for "it is better," he saith, "to be a walking with a darling jewel of a girl, by the sweet light of a young May-moon, in the beautiful groves of Blarny, than to be the man in the honey-moon, looking about for himself with a lantern." Sometimes, however, he will hunt a fortune, by way of chance, but he is apt to outrun it as well as his own; whereupon he betakes himself to poteen, which consoles him for his single blessedness, by making it seem double. To conclude, as he had lived, with spirit; for, taking a drop of the creature, he dies like a creature of the drop; to wit, in a rope; for why? as he saith, "It is better to hang than to be dependent."

Hood's Comic Annual.

LONGEVITY AMONG PRINTERS.—A late French paper contains the following interesting calculation: In twenty-three printing-offices in Paris, there were noticed in each printers whose ages ranged from 40 to 70 years. An aged master printer asserted that he had known more than fifty compositors or pressmen who had passed their 60th year. Among thirty-five persons engaged in one office, one-third ranged from 45 to 70 years of age. A printer who worked in an office a few years ago said there were, out of forty workmen, twenty-five whose age ranged from 50 to 70. This office was appropriately termed *imprimerie des barbassiers*, (the printing-office of grey-beards.) There are seventeen printers now working in Paris, of whom seven are 70 years of age, one 80, and another 82. A journeyman wrought in the office of Didot the younger, until his death at the age of 86, and another continued to work until the age of 84. Among the deaths in Paris in one year there were twenty-five printers whose ages varied from 55 to 78 years; and among the returns from the hospital of the aged, the deaths of four printers were announced, whose ages were respectively 64, 69, 75 and 78.

A BROAD HINT.—A person in business in a northern town thus admonishes his customers, in the shape of an advertisement.—"The subscriber hereby intimates that unless *immediate* payment is made of the accounts due to him, he will be under the disagreeable necessity of incurring expenses, which he feels anxious to avoid, if possible." The delicate touch at the conclusion must surely reconcile the unfortunate *debtor* to the previous hint. We recollect an old schoolmaster who used to thrash unmercifully, repeating all the time, "Are you not ashamed, you rascal, at giving me this trouble every day!"

LINES ON LEAVING EUROPE.

BY N. P. WILLIS.

Bright flag at yonder tapering mast!
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be westward cast,
And point as Freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! oh lithe and quivering spars!
Point home, my country's flag of stars!

The wind blows fair! The vessel feels
The pressure of the rising breeze;
And, swiftest of a thousand keels,
She leaps to the careering seas!
Oh, fair, fair cloud of snowy sail,
In whose white breast I seem to lie,
How oft, when blew this eastern gale,
I've seen your semblance in the sky,
And long'd, with breaking heart, to flee
On such white pinions o'er the sea!

Adieu, oh lands of fame and eld!
I turn to watch our foamy track,
And thoughts with which I first beheld
Yon clouded line, come hurrying back;
My lips are dry with vague desire,—
My cheek once more is hot with joy—
My pulse, my brain, my soul on fire!—
Oh, what has changed that traveller-boy!
As leaves the ship this dying foam,
His visions fade behind—his weary heart speeds home!

Adieu, oh soft and southern shore,
Where dwelt the stars long miss'd in heaven!—
Those forms of beauty seen no more,
Yet once to Art's rapt vision given!
Oh, still th' enamored sun delays,
And pries through fount and crumbling fane,
To win to his adoring gaze
Those children of the sky again!
Irradiate beauty, such as never
That light on other earth hath shown,
Has made this land her home for ever;
And could I live for this alone—
Were not my birthright brighter far
Than such voluptuous slaves' can be—
Held not the West one glorious star
New-born and blazing for the free—
Soared not to heaven our eagle yet—
Rome, with her Helot sons, should teach me to forget!

Adieu, oh fatherland! I see
Your white cliffs on th' horizon's rim,
And though to freer skies I flee,
My heart swells, and my eyes are dim!
As knows the dove the task you give her,
When loosed upon a foreign shore—
As spreads the rain-drop in the river
In which it may have flowed before—
To England, over vale and mountain,
My fancy flew from climes more fair—
My blood, that knew its parent fountain,
Ran warm and fast in England's air.

My mother! in thy prayer to-night
There come new words and warmer tears!
On long, long darkness breaks the light—
Comes home the loved, the lost for years!
Sleep safe, oh wave-worn mariner!
Fear not, to-night, or storm or sea!
The ear of Heaven bends low to *her!*
He comes to shore who sails with me!
The wind-tost spider needs no token
How stands the tree when lightnings blaze—
And by a thread from Heaven unbroken,
I know my mother lives and prays!

Dear mother! when our lips can speak—
When first our tears will let us see—
When I can gaze upon thy cheek,
And thou, with thy dear eyes, on me—
'Twill be a pastime little sad
To trace what weight Time's heavy fingers
Upon each other's forms have had—
For all may flee, so feeling lingers!
But there's a change, beloved mother!
To stir far deeper thoughts of thine;
I come—but with me comes another
To share the heart once only mine!

Thou, on whose thoughts, when sad and lonely,
One star arose in Memory's heaven—
Thou, who hast watch'd *one* treasure only—
Watered *one* flower with tears at even—
Room in thy heart! The hearth she left
Is darken'd to lend light to ours!
There are bright flowers of care bereft,
And hearts that languish more than flowers—
She was their light—their very air—
Room, mother! in thy heart!—place for her in thy prayer!

English Channel, May, 1836.

The following epitaph upon Paul Fuller and Peter Potter, who lie close together, is in Shrewsbury church yard:—"'Tis held by Peter and by Paul,
That when we fill our graves or urns,
Ashes to ashes crumbling fall,
And dust to dust once more returns.
And lo! a truth unseen for man
Appears in monumental lay—
Paul's grave is filled with Fuller's earth,
And Peter's crammed with Potter's clay."

From the American Monthly for March.

GENIUS AND CHARACTER OF MRS. HEMANS.

It is an instructive as well as an interesting employment to trace those original peculiarities of constitution and temperament which define the capacities of individuals and impel or direct their powers. A singular combination of ardor and tenderness appears to be the most prominent trait of disposition in her whose character we are about to trace. To these we may add the vivid susceptibility which is inseparable from the predominance of such elements. The sense of beauty must also be a result of such a constitution, which, as the character is developed, becomes inseparably blended with a tendency to sentiment. A being so constituted must necessarily issue in romantic and ideal forms of life.

A masculine intellect, united to such qualities, might make a prodigious impression on the mental world. A powerful will combined with them would enable their possessor to produce great effects in actual life; and irregular passions might turn them into sources of the deepest misery. But the gentle and harmonious nature of the amiable being in whom endowments so rare were combined, confined the more untiring element by which they could be disturbed or perverted, and they gradually expanded into a rare moral and intellectual beauty.

The ardor and the susceptibility of her nature exposed Mrs. Hemans to the sufferings which sometimes wait on the affections; and from these sufferings the exercise of a profound and vigorous intellect might have proved a partial relief, by absorbing the attention and concentrating it on objects which do not agitate the heart. Had the reasoning powers, in this beautiful instance of feminine mind, been of a stronger cast, the individual might have been more easily guarded against the perils of affection, or more steadily sustained under its trials. But the peculiarity of her mental constitution formed the source of her power in poetry. The well balanced mind might have presented us with the contemplation of a rounder and firmer character, in which there might have been more to command our respect. But where would have been that romantic sentiment and that melting pathos which now are the triumph of her muse? Hers was not the Roman strength of will to nerve the soul against the sensibility to pain; nor hers the violence of feeling that would explode in passionate expression.

In such a nature, deep grief or the sense of injury would work a silent inward effect; sorrow must become perpetual, and weigh down the heart. The sufferer would endure quietly while the vital chord could hold. Such was her lot; and while it brought out so beautifully the feminine perfection of her character, it shed over her poetry the subdued and tender light which constitutes its peculiar charm.

With the elements of passion more prevalent, this tried spirit might have given way to repining and melancholy, and forfeited the divine gift which was its talisman against evil. But as she was, this tender-hearted being stands forth a most eloquent and touching example of patient suffering, and a beautiful instance of the element of evil rendered tributary to mental power, and conducive to the discipline of genius.

The peculiar susceptibility incident to the remarkable combination of fervor and tenderness by which she was characterised, multiplied, no doubt, her sources of pain; but not less those of the most exquisite pleasure! She was thus prepared for her poetic office, as priestess of Nature, to touch the heart and quicken it to the sense of being, in all its varying forms and aspects. Her own vivid sympathy with joy or with sorrow she transfuses into the bosom of her reader. We feel, in perusing her page, more vividly than before, not only the pains but also the pleasures which he strown along the path of our common life; we are more consciously awake to feeling, and to the duties which it teaches; we realize more distinctly the extent to which our being may be rendered a ceaseless fountain of happiness or of misery.

To Mrs. Hemans herself, the susceptibility to external influences was not by any means an habitual source of pain.—Witness her exulting sense of the joyousness of nature and of life, in all their forms, and the playful moods so often legible in her private correspondence, as well as in the intercourse of domestic life.

That there was no degree of excess in the ardor and susceptibility of her temperament, we can hardly venture to affirm. The attentive perusal of the narrative of her early life will show that in all probability the organization of the heart was such as to entail a morbid tendency to excessive action. This organic imperfection found a channel in romance as long as no unwonted evil befel the juvenile sympathies. But when the cloud of sorrow gathered and settled on the heart, the constitutional feature became more distinctly and more unfavorably manifest. The irregular and palpitating throb became more frequent and more aggravated. The effects of organic action overbalanced those of the will. The strains, even of poetry, were suffered to flow too uniformly in the channels of sorrow; life began to appear too much a scene of inevitable suffering; Woman's lot was often exhibited but as a variation of wo. There is much of her poetry which we cannot read without a preponderating sense of pain, and this is a defect; for the true office of poetry is to heal, not to aggravate the heart-ache which arises from so many sources in human life.

The ardor of the temperament of Mrs. Hemans led her, in some respects, into the evils of excess. Her admiration of the chivalrous and the noble too nearly approached homage to the warlike. Her delineations of heroism are too often limited to deeds of military prowess and to the passion for renown. It is truly delightful to see the sense of the heroic manifested by Woman. But that I do not err in attributing to Mrs. Hemans an undue admiration of the 'pomp and circumstance of war,' will be rendered evident by referring to the origin of this feeling in the circumstances of her early life, or by hearing her express the rapture of delight with which she wielded the glittering weapon when placed in her hand by the Great Magician of the North.* That even a woman's eye should kindle at the sight of a drawn sword, if invested with the charm of exalted association, is natural; but it surely is no part of a woman's nature to take an intense delight in the contemplation of that emblem of havoc and destruction. Here was certainly an impassioned excess of feeling; and it was this overweening estimation of military circumstance and character which was the origin of her bitterest woes.

Yet how beautifully she has smoothed and polished the front of 'grim visaged War!' The death of the patriot hero she has rendered irresistibly fascinating to the youthful heart. She has always held honor far above life, and given only too powerful a charm to the scene of combat when ennobled by principle.

The vivid sense of beauty which characterised the mental constitution of this highly endowed woman, was a gift productive of purer good. It is, perhaps, in all instances of genius, the compensating power, by which a more than ordinary susceptibility of pain is balanced by a constant source of exquisite and numingled delight. Few, however, even of the poetic temperament, seem to have been so intensely alive to this peculiar enjoyment as the individual whose character we have been contemplating. It formed the perpetual solace of her spirit; refreshed her nature when exhausted with toil; renovated her powers when inclined to flag from the enfeebling effects of sickness; and awakened all the slumbering zephyrs of fancy, summoned forth the rushing streams of emotion, and shed the restoring dews which beautify the Eden of the heart.

It was this healing and reviving virtue which she delighted to recognize in the flowers, which she almost worshipped. It was their power to touch the heart, rather than the eye, on which she loved to dwell. To her, all external beauty was emblematic—significant of the affections. Hers was 'the perpetual hymn within the soul.'

She dwelt—she walked abroad, in a world of beauty, in which there was nothing more beautiful than the capacity itself for love, evolving at once her own peculiar power—that of depicting loveliness, and illustrating the great moral truth, that, as from the coarse and crude earth, aided by changing seasons, and falling leaves, and decaying weeds, spring up the perfect beauty and fragrance of the rose, so, amid crumbling hopes, and darkening cares, and soiling grief, blooms in the heart the celestial element of love.

When we revert to the experience of her life, and, opening the volume of her poetry, find every page but a varied tribute to the power of the beautiful, we rejoice in the assurance that there is, within, as well as without the human heart, a loveliness to which no sorrow can wholly dim the mental eye.

Beauty of sentiment—the charm of ideal beauty—was the crowning excellence of her poetry. It hovers over all her verse, and flits through all its imagery, like the presence of a visiting angel. Now, it is man dying the patriot's death on the well-fought field; now woman, hallowing the privacy of home, 'brooding o'er that sole spot of earth,' 'watching the stars out by the bed of pain,' or dying a martyr to the affections. In all its forms, it is human virtue in its most exalted attitudes, but softened by a touch of tenderness and grace. Her portraits of humanity win not only our admiration, but our love.

The private life and character of this amiable woman were beautifully accordant with her poetic genius. We find her exciting but little interest in the mind of casual or superficial observers. Her gentle and unassuming spirit delighted not in display. She withdrew into an inner life, where kindred minds only could find her. To her, homage had no unction. She was a sincere, single-minded being, seeking rest in the bosom of a little circle, whose intercourse was the life of her affections—on whom, indeed, she was perhaps too dependent for her happiness. True to her own feminine nature, she staked no part of her happiness on observation or applause. The sympathy or approbation of a friend weighed infinitely more with her than the voice of public encomium.

Often, when the most flattering demonstrations were pouring in upon her, was her mind occupied with nothing but her maternal anxiety for her family. Need we wonder that the sounds of eulogy were unheeded, while the solicitations of affection were so importunate? The entire simplicity of her character, as well as the deep and trying nature of her experience, preserved her from all perversion.

Yet she was not one whose spirit would effloresce under

* "But Oh! the bright sword! [illegible] I have the strongest love for the flash of glittering steel; and Sir Walter brought out I know not how many gall[illegible] to show me."—*Letter from Abbotsford.*

suffering. She was naturally buoyant and light-hearted, and prone to innocent mirth. Amidst her children, or with intimate friends, her fresh heart would break forth in many a sportive sally. Her poetry, indeed, though generally of a grave and deeply serious tone, indicates, not unfrequently, how earnestly she sympathised with the glee of the fireside.

Another natural and beautiful trait of Mrs. Hemans, was her tenderness as a woman—not as a wife or a mother only—but as a true-hearted, sympathising woman. To her, every condition of life was sacred, because it was the lot of humanity. How touchingly she speaks of the humble poor! Her charities have no tinge of affectation, for she dwells fully as often on the natural happiness in which poverty is rich, as she does on the privations or pains with which it has also to do.

Her sympathy with the appropriate feelings of her own sex, is purifying and ennobling in its tendency. She justly makes woman an heroic being, to whom magnanimity—self-sacrificing greatness of soul—is as natural as to man, though working in a more sequestered sphere. But how indescribably true—how deeply affecting, are her delineations of the sufferings and the joys of the female heart! Some of these constitute the most beautiful passages of the kind in the whole range of English literature, and must prove as lasting as the language.

Her tendencies to the romantic and the ideal were, perhaps, too strong for her own happiness; as these qualities are unavoidably attended by the sense of disappointment which ever hangs over finite prospects, and can find no proper scope but in those indefinite aspirations, which, after all, are the truest as well as the loftiest happiness of our present being. The dispositions to which we allude are certainly not the most useful to an unassisted female, struggling with difficulties, and standing in need of enterprise and tact to help her through the world.

It is true, also, that romance and ideality, if not balanced by action, incline the mind to dwell upon, if not to magnify, its sufferings; a result which identifies itself with poetic melancholy, and leads to monotony and feebleness of expression.

We can hardly doubt that had Mrs. Hemans accustomed herself, in early life, to habits such as the patriarch Wordsworth took it for granted that she, in common with womankind, possessed—I allude to the memorable occasion of the scales, which put her upon her good looks*—her mind would have had an agreeable relief from the pressure of excessive feeling, and a more uniform and healthful cheerfulness. Or, perhaps, still better for her, could she, like Mrs. Siddons, have had recourse to the occupation of modelling, by which she might have dissipated the shadows of grief and care, in an exercise which should give play to the ideal in a varied form, and call on the hand to minister to the mind by realizing its creations. Had she possessed such a resource, even as a variety with which to intersperse the practice of music, of which she was so fond, and in which she so excelled, (I mean in that skill which flows from the heart rather than the head,) but which, perhaps unconsciously, tended to excite rather than allay the morbid activity of the heart—had she had such an aid at command, her hours might often have flown more tranquilly and more cheerfully.

There can be no doubt that the excessive activity of the brain, which the frequency of her compositions required, added to the evil of organic irritation; and that every means of diverting the attention and relaxing the mind which could possibly be found, would, under such circumstances, have been a benefit.

But why was this oppressive frequency of composition requisite? Is it possible, we ask in astonishment, that these beautiful productions—most of which are masterpieces in their kind—were not deemed worthy of a compensation adequate to the wants of their author and her children? Could a great and generous nation, which, through its multiplied channels of mind, was daily imbibing the exquisite effusions of her's, permit one whose genius reflected so much beauty on its language to feel the cramping influence of inadequate means? Alas! it is too true. Whilst

> "The nightingale was showering
> Her own heart's life-drops on the burning lay—
> * * * * * * *
> And pour'd her strength but not her grief away."

the listeners allowed her to perish in her song.

Why should such a woman have had to struggle with circumstances; to have no permanent abode; to strive, without success, to secure for her children such an education as she wished them to receive?

* "Imagine, my dear ——, a bridal present made by Mr. Wordsworth to a young lady in whom he is much interested—a poet's daughter, too! You will be thinking of a brooch in the shape of a lyre, or a butterfly-shaded aigrette, or a forget-me not, or some such 'small gear'—nothing of the sort; but a good, handsome, substantial, useful looking pair of scales, to hang up in her store-room!—'For you must be aware, my dear Mrs. Hemans,' said he to me very gravely, 'how necessary it is occasionally for every lady to see things weighed herself.' 'Poveretta me!' I looked *as good as I could*; and, happily for me, the poetic eyes are not very clear-sighted, so that I believe no suspicion derogatory to my notability of character has yet flashed upon the mighty master's mind: indeed, I told him that I looked upon scales as particularly graceful things, and had great thoughts of having my picture taken with a pair in my hand."
Letters from 'Dove Nest,' Ambleside.

We can listen to no answer drawn from "the doctrine of labor and wages, demand and supply." Such an answer is an insult to common feeling. Where were the wives, the mothers, and the sisters of England, when this noble-minded woman was suffered to leave her native country in quest of subsistence?

Had she been an Italian, princes would have vied to cherish her, and the very populace to crown her with befitting garlands. So much for 'matter-of-fact' communities, and their boasted justice.

The subjects which Mrs. Hemans delighted to select, are strikingly indicative of her own character. They are all beautiful excerpts from the books of nature and life.—In her unrivalled pictures of mountains, sea, and forest, we trace the associations of her early life, and the moulding power of scenery over the susceptible spirit of childhood. The varying tones of the wind were to her an entrancing music; and we read much of her subsequent history in the daring custom of her juvenile years, of venturing forth, in the darkness of night, for the romantic luxury of a solitary bath in the surf.

But it was not Nature's grander features only that attracted her. Her ear was open to every whisper amid the leaves, to the silken sound of the bending grass, to the peculiar melody of every bird, and to all the modulations of the ever-shifting voice of streams. She had an eye for the venerable majesty of the forest oak; but she delighted more in the fragile beauty of the wild flowers, and was deeply versed in all the poesy of their natural language. What a sympathy was hers with the free, joyous, and musical life of the birds!

We have spoken of her noble and affecting delineations of humanity, her admiration of the lofty in man, and of the tender and gentle in woman. But how touching is her recognition of childhood! She is alive to all its buoyancy of soul, its meteoric flashes of thought, its angelic truth and loveliness, and its overflowing fullness of affection.

History, as the great book of the heart, she delighted to study; and many are the beautiful garlands which she suspended in the temple of Clio. The romance of history was her favorite theme; but the passages which she loved to recite were always those which bodied forth some trait of noble excellence, or of humble worth. The volume of life, to her, ever opened at the moral.

Sculpture and music were her favorites among the arts. The noble simplicity of the former, together with its inseparable association with the idea of death, or rather of 'life in death,' appealed to all her native tendencies of feeling; and, by a dim but deep-felt analogy, to her experience of disappointment and overclouding grief. But music, the pliant voice of the heart—so true to all its tones, so mysteriously powerful in all its moods—was the art in which her poetic genius lived and moved, beyond the sphere of song. It was here that her spirit found its quickest, truest response. The most ecstatic thrill of joyous melody has its touch of pathos, into which it seems every moment about to dissolve. To the experience of her whose nature we are contemplating, the music of life was never without its under-tone of sadness; and if she indulged this strain of excess, she was, in that very thing, true to herself. If her voice is too uniformly plaintive, let us not forget the cause.

The language in which Mrs. Hemans loved to invest her thoughts, is also highly characteristic of her habits of feeling. It is by no means feeble; yet we instantly recognise it as the utterance of woman. It is always graceful, and tender, and persuasive. It lacks neither force nor earnestness, but it is always gentle and subdued in its tone; and wins upon the soul, as its exquisite melody does upon the ear, by the mood of feeling which it insensibly creates. Had it blended more of the Promethean fire with its feminine softness, it would have formed a perfect model of expression, emanating from the mind of a female. But, in demanding such a combination, we are asking for one which does not appear in ages, and, in fact, verges on impossibility.

The perfect melody of verse by which this exquisite lyrist was distinguished, has, in the judgement of some critics, been constituted a fault—as if the artifice of occasional harshness possessed a peculiar merit. Variety is undoubtedly a characteristic of excellence in verse. But the question is, what variety? Not, surely, that which is produced by so cheap an expedient as shifting the pauses or throwing in occasionally a sudden break, nor that which arises from an arbitrary change of rhythm, in the facsimile style of imitation, displayed in so many popular pieces in the manner, 'so called,' of Byron or of Scott. All true variety must spring from the modulations of feeling and emotion: all other is mock variety.

The fault complained of lies, as far as it does exist, not in the structure of the verse, not in the ear of the poet, but in the prevalence of certain moods of soul. The metre will always be found true to the passion which is uttered. The question whether the melody is not too frequently struck on the same key, is a different thing, and a fair topic of criticism.

Besides, it should never be forgotten, that many of the sweetest of our author's pieces were composed with express reference to the character and purpose of song; and in all such their adaptation to music depended on that faultless rhythm which is the ground of animadversion.

The mournful and melting cadences of her metre often linger on the ear like the soft thrill of the flute quivering on the air of a summer evening or the mellow breathings of a distant horn over moonlight waters; and oftener still they vibrate like the wild echoes of the minstrel's harp through the halls of chivalry.

The prevailing sadness of her lays, is, after all, the only just cause of complaint, in relation to the poetry of Mrs. Hemans. But, for one who had drunk so deeply of the bitter waters of grief, how was it possible to avoid a tendency to plaintiveness? Take away the characteristic pathos of her poetry, and though much of its beauty may remain, its peculiar sway over the heart will be gone.

Let us form our judgements on a broader scale. Let us project ourselves into the far future, and anticipate the judgement of posterity. When the literature of the exciting period in which Mrs. Hemans lived comes to be passed in review by our childrens' children, they will turn for their illustrations of truth and pathetic tenderness to her pages; they will compare her, not with her contemporaries singly, but in the mass; they will judge with an eye on the proportion of pathos in our whole literature; they will study her poetry, not in quest of qualities which it does not exemplify, but of those which it does; and they will confirm all that is favorable in our decision, and abate much that is otherwise. For the effect produced on the mind by her genius is not that of sudden and violent impressions, which overbear the judgement and dazzle the fancy for a time, and perhaps subside into comparative indifference. The poetry of Mrs. Hemans is a genuine strain of the eternal voice of nature, which 'sinks down into the ear' and reaches the heart, and has the power there to awaken an 'echo which shall never sleep.'

TO A LADY READING.

BY HENRY F. CHORLEY.

WHAT, lonely still? and bending o'er the page
  Thy heart, if not thine eyes—dear dreamer, say,
Where, led by bard inspired, or calmer sage,
  Do thy young virgin thoughts, soft triflers, stray?
Hark! music sounds, and feet are on the floor:
Come forth, thy flatterers wait thee—read no more!

Is it Romance that with her spells hath clouded
  That gentle brow, made grave that laughing eye,
Whilst thou in sweet bewild'ring fancies shrouded,
  Wanderest through lands of gorgeous Mystery?
Wake, and return! there's folly in her lore,
The wise world laughs at fables—read no more!

Or is it a tale of some proud lip and cheek,
  Worshipped of old, to-day, alas! forgot?
And thou, a shrine whom Beauty's pilgrims seek,
  Now sigh'st key sadly from the common lot?
Fear not hoar Time—too well shall Art restore
Dull cheeks and silvered tresses—read no more!

Come, wreathe thy hair with roses, o'er thy heart—
  What boots its aching?—clasp a jewelled zone;
And learn to laugh when burning tears would start;
  To move mid crowds most gaily, when alone
Thou pinest to sigh—and learn to hide thy store
Of rich, bright, *useless* thought for evermore!

So shalt thou have the mightiest at thy feet,
  Kings at thine ear, and nobles at thy call;
Nor hand shall write, nor echo dare repeat
  The envious whisper, "'Tis but mockery all!"
—Still dost thou dream unheeding, and unwon
By the world's lure—True heart! then read—read on!

VIRGINIA SCENERY—THE HAWK'S NEST.

It was in the summer of 1831 that I took the great western road, from Fredericksburg to Guyandotte. Having, in this noble and exciting route, passed the enchanting region of the celebrated springs of Virginia, and the vast ridges of the Alleghany Mountains, I conceived myself too familiar with objects of beauty and grandeur, to be overcome by any new sight of sublimity. But after toiling slowly and sleepily up a gradual ascent of miles, the coach stopped at the summit of a mountain, and the cry of—'the Hawk's Nest!—the Hawk's Nest!' burst from several passengers at once. I looked out, expecting to see what I had been dreaming about for three days, looming above me in awful majesty;—for I had been under a delusion in supposing that our road would pass under the cliff called by that singular name. I saw nothing but wood on either side. There was little to mark this spot from a hundred others we had passed. Little did I think we were within a minute's walk of the object of my earnest anxiety!

With the feelings of a child who is about to witness a show, and wondering what is coming when the mysterious curtain rises, I jumped, with the rest, from the coach, and followed the little foot-path which invited us, as I thought, into the depths of the forest. Suddenly the trees parted, like a veil, before us, and to my astonishment, I found we were on the top, instead of the bottom, of the 'Hawk's Nest!'

I was standing on the very verge of a precipice a thousand and ten feet in perpendicular height. A scene lay beyond, whose vastness and grandeur it would be impossi-

ble to describe. The Kanawha river was dashing, unheard, beneath, and the Alleghany Mountains lay in ranges beyond, diminished into hills by the distance. For a moment, enchanted by the fair and lovely prospect, I was unconscious of my fearful position. The next was one of terror—for, as I looked below, the blood flowed back in my veins, and I clung to a bough for support. Beneath me, the air was blue with depth! The vulture was wheeling high circles over his scent, but I could look down on his back, as it glistened in the sun.

No scene in the world breaks upon the view so unexpectedly as the Hawk's Nest. None, therefore, so overwhelms the mind with the trembling terror of extreme height. If you ascend a mountain, the prospect gradually widens. If you shoot up in a balloon, it expands a little more rapidly. But here, without preparation, the curtain parts from your eyes, and you find yourself standing fathoms above the eagle, with but a foot of land between you and the depth below; a foot farther, and you would fall a quarter of a mile ere you touched the earth!

At such a moment, who can collect his thoughts? Neither Byron's, Shakspeare's, nor any other description of enormous cliffs occurred to me. The impression was one, original and exclusive, shutting out from the mind everything but itself. What renders the Hawk's Nest so pre-eminent in grandeur, is not its height alone, but the magnificent prospect which expands beneath it. The eye, in endeavoring to accommodate itself to the new sensation—the remoteness of extreme height, is subject to singular deception. To believe that the river, which apparently runs at the foot of the precipice, is really at a considerable distance from it, is impossible. There is an oppression of the brain—a madness in such a height. Most persons experience a head-ache after the first look. Abandon yourself to the impression, and it instantly redoubles with dreadful fascination. You feel a momentary impulse to cast yourself downward. I attempted to stand where I was with my back to the cliff, but my dizziness increased. I closed my eyes, but the abyss was even then more fearfully before me. What mingled sensations of grandeur, delight, and terror, were crowded around that moment!

I have attempted no particular topographical description of the Hawk's Nest; like Niagara, it defies description. The vastness of every feature connected with it, the suddenness with which the whole impression bursts upon the astonished sight, the boundless prospect, the terrific and lonely spot where you stand, the absence of the least sign of human cultivation, the awful silence which reigns over the vast panorama, give the Hawk's Nest an effect more impressive and memorable than that of Niagara itself. There, the sound and effect of waters recall and divide the attention. Here, an avalanche would be a relief from the overpowering silence and vastness. The effect is not divided, but single. The brain is not distracted or excited by different points of view, or different elements in collision. It has to sustain itself, unaided, against one concentrated exhibition of sublimity, so sudden and overpowering, that its faculties reel and sicken with the volume of an emotion beyond their capacity.

We left the Hawk's Nest in five minutes from the time we reached it. In that one look are crowded all the vivid recollections I have of its glorious terrors. I carried away with me an idea of awful beauty, which I did not perfectly comprehend at the time, but which years and travel have convinced me no scene on earth can surpass.

Removal of the Deposites.—A lady in this city, who kept her deposite of eggs for family use in a cupboard near the head of a stairway leading to the cellar, was much troubled with a suspicion that a part of her stock did not come to the family table, but was withdrawn without lawful warrant. She could not, in her own mind, assign any probable cause for these transfers, and after much reflection on the matter, relinquished all hopes of unravelling the mystery. One evening, after having thus despaired of explanation, and while sitting quietly in a room near the stairway, she heard a peculiar noise—a thump—thump—thump—like something falling gently from one stair to another. She carefully reconnoitered the premises, and as a distant lamp in the hall threw its light on the stairway, she had the happiness to witness a very curious solution of the mystery, and a *rat*-ification of her suspicions. She observed two rats go to the depository, and one of the twain take an egg in his fore paws, then throw himself on his back, and with his fore and hind legs around the egg, he held it fast and safe. Having 'assumed the responsibility' of position, his fellow rat, who had obviously been waiting for the development, laid hold of his companion by the ear, and dragged him down stairs, making, as he descended each step, the 'thump' which had aroused attention to this agrarian operation. Hartford Courier.

Prospective Health.—A lusty old gentleman was incessantly pestered by his neighbors with inquiries after his health; at last, losing all patience with the most assiduous of these inquirers, "Tell your master," said he to the servant, "with my compliments, that I am pretty well this morning, and shall continue so for 21 mornings to come."

THE SNOW-STORM.

FROM THE SPANISH OF MELENDEZ.

Fill high the cup! and let it flow
With richest wine that Spain can yield—
For gazing on the wintry snow,
My freezing blood seems half congeal'd.
How slowly through the tranquil air
The feathery flakes in myriads fall!
The buried landscape, once so fair,
Lies hid beneath an ermine pall.

Let us from this warm cot survey,
With thankful hearts, the scene around;
Watching the snow-wreaths fall away
In circles lightly to the ground.
How bends each shrub and forest tree,
Beneath the sudden weight oppress'd—
As if by magic, suddenly,
Clad in a white and glittering vest!

A veil of Nature's own pure grace,
Sparkling as crystal, swiftly hides
Each dreary valley's altered face,
Dark rock, and sullen mountain sides;
The streamlet speeds a faster course,
And soon by mightier torrents borne—
Proud, in the added water's force,
O'erleaps its fettered bounds in scorn.

The rustic views with pensive eye
His furrow's early labors gone,
While scarcely able to descry
His neighbor's pastures from his own:
Each silent bird, with folded wing,
Has shrunk within its nest for fear,
Or seeks the sheltered covering
Of treacherous man's asylums near.

Now hath the careful shepherd told
His bleating flock, and close together
They timorous stand within the fold,
All safely guarded from the weather;—
Sweeps the storm in angry heaven!
Faster the snow descends!—as fast
Before the gathering whirlwind's driven,
To scatter in the northern blast!

Let it ride on! The wine cup's glow—
With *thee*, my own Dorilla, near,
And joys that only true hearts know,
We brave the storm and laugh at fear.
A bumper fill! and let the song
Dispel this wintry gloom of ours—
"A health to Spring!" may Zephyr's throng
Soon bring her, with a world of flowers!

From Leigh Hunt's London Journal.

ON A STONE.

Looking about us during a walk to see what subject we could write upon that should be familiar to every body, and afford as striking a specimen as we could give, of the entertainment to be found in the commonest objects, our eyes lighted upon a stone. It was a common pebble, a flint; such as a little boy kicks before him as he goes, by way of making haste with a message, and saving his new shoes.

"A stone!" cries a reader, "a flint! the very symbol of a miser! What can be got out of that?"

The question is well put; but a little reflection on the part of our interrogator would soon rescue the poor stone from the comparison. Strike him at any rate, and you will get something out of him: warm his heart, and out come the genial sparks that shall gladden your hearts, and put hot dishes on your table. This is not miser's work. A French poet has described the process, well known to the maid-servant, when she stoops, with flushing face, over the tinder-box on a cold morning, and rejoices to see the first laugh of the fire. A sexton, in the poem we allude to, is striking a light in a church:

> The prudent sexton, studious to reveal
> Dark holes, here takes from out his pouch a steel;
> Then strikes upon a flint. In many a spark
> Forth leaps the sprightly fire against the dark;
> The timber feels the little lightning bit,
> The match provokes it, and a candle's lit. *Beithea.*

We shall not stop to pursue this fiery point into all its consequences, to show what a world of beauty or of formidable power is contained in that single property of our friend flint; what fires, what lights, what conflagrations, what myriads of *clicks* of triggers—awful sounds before battle, when instead of letting his flint do its proper, good natured work of cooking his supper, and warming his wife and himself over the cottage fire, the poor fellow is made to kill and be killed by other poor fellows, whose brains are strewed about the place for want of knowing better.

But to return to the natural, quiet condition of our friend, and what he can do for us in a peaceful way, and so as to please meditation;—what think you of him as the musician of the brooks? as the unpretending player on those watery pipes and flageolets, during the hot noon, or the silence of night? Without the pebble the brook would want its prettiest murmur. And then, in reminding you of these murmurs, he reminds you of the poets.

> A noise as of a hidden brook
> In a leafy month of June,
> That to the sleeping woods all night
> Singeth a quiet tune. *Coleridge.*

Yes, the brook *singeth*; but it would not sing so well—it would not have that tone and ring in its music, without the stone.

> Then 'gan the shepherd gather into one
> His straggling goats, and drove them to a ford,
> Whose cerule stream, rumbling in pebble-stone,
> Crept under moss as green as any gourd. *Spenser.*

Spenser's *Gnat*, observe; he wrote a whole poem upon a gnat, and a most beautiful one too, founded upon another poem on the the same subject, written by the great Roman poet Virgil, not because these great poets wanted or were unequal to great subjects, such as all the world think great, but because they thought no care, and no fetching out of beauty and wonder, ill bestowed upon the smallest marvellous object of God's workmanship. The gnat, in their poems, is the creature that he really is; full of elegance and vivacity, airy, trumpeted, and plumed, and dancing in the sunbeams,—not the contempt of some thoughtless understanding, which sees in it nothing but an insect coming to vex its skin. The eye of the poet, or other informed man, is at once telescope and microscope, able to traverse the great heavens, and to do justice to the least thing they have created.

But to our brook and pebbles. See how one pleasant thing reminds people of another. A pebble reminded us of the brooks, and the brooks of the poets, and the poets remind us of the beauty and comprehensiveness of their words, whether belonging to the subject in hand or not. No true poet makes use of a word for nothing. "*Cærule* stream," says Spencer; but why *cærule*, which comes from the Latin, and seems a pedantic word, especially as it signifies *blue*, which he might have had in English?—The reason is, not only that it means *sky-blue*, and therefore shows us how blue the sky was at the time, and the cause why the brook was of such a color (for if he had wanted a word to express nothing but that circumstance, he might have said *sky-blue* at once, however quaint it might have sounded to modern ears:—he would have cared nothing for that: it was his business to do justice to nature, and leave modern ears, as they grow poetical, to find it out;) but the word *cærule* was also a beautiful word, beautiful for the sound, and expressive of a certain liquid yet neat softness, somewhat resembling the mixture of soft hissing, rumbling, and inward music of the brook. We beg the reader's indulgence for thus stopping him by the way, to dwell on the beauty of a word; but poets' words are miniature creations, as curious after their degree, as the insects and the brook themselves; and when companions find themselves in pleasant sports, it is natural to wander both in feet and talk.

So much for the agreeable sounds of which the sight of a common may remind us, (for we have not chosen to go so far back as the poetry of Orpheus, who is said to have made the materials of stone walls answer to his lyre, and dance themselves into shape without troubling the masons.) We shall come to grander echoes by-and-by. Let us see, meanwhile, how pleasant the sight itself may be rendered. Mr. Wordsworth shall do it for us in his exquisite little poem of the fair maid who died by the river Dowe. Our volume is not at hand, but we remember the passage we more particularly allude to.—It is where he compares his modest, artless, and sequestered beauty with

> A violet by a mossy stone
> Half hidden from the eye;
> Fair as the star when only one
> Is shining in the sky.

Is not that beautiful? Can any thing express a lovelier loneliness than the violet half hidden by the mossy stone—the delicate blue-eyed flower against the country green? And then the loving imagination of this fine poet, exalting the object of his earthly worship to her divine birth-place and future abode, suddenly raises his eyes to the firmament, and sees her there, the solitary star of his heaven.

But stone does not want even moss to render him interesting. Here is another stone, and another solitary evening star, as beautifully introduced as the others, but for a different purpose. It is in the opening words of Mr. Keats' poem of Hyperion, where he describes the dethroned monarch of the gods, sitting in his exile:

> Deep in the shady sadness of a vale,
> Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
> Far from the fiery noon, and Eve's one star,
> Sate grey-hair'd Saturn, quiet as a stone.

Quiet as a stone! Nothing, certainly, can be more quiet than that. Not a syllable or a sigh will stone utter, though you watch and bear him company for a whole week on the most desolate moor in Cumberland. Thus silent, thus unmoved, thus insensible to whatever circumstances might be taking place, or speculators might think of him, was the soul-stunned old patriarch of the gods. We may picture to ourselves a large, or a small stone, as we please—Stone-henge, or a pebble. The silence is the thing—its intensity, its unalterableness.

Our friend pebble is here in grand company, and you may think him (though we hope not) unduly bettered by it. But see what Shakespeare will do for him in his hardest shape, and in no finer company than a peasant's:

> Weariness
> Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
> Finds the down pillow hard.

Sleeping on hard stone would have been words strong

enough for a common poet; or perhaps he would have said, 'resting,' or 'profoundly reposing,' or that he could have made his 'bed of the bare floor;' and the last saying would not have been the worst; but Shakspeare must have the very strongest words and really profoundest expressions, and he finds them in the homeliest and most primitive. He does not mince the matter, but goes to the root of both sleep and stone—can *snore* upon the *flint*. We see the fellow hard at it—*beat* upon it—deeply drinking of the forgetful draught.

To conclude our quotations from the poets, we will give another line or two from Shakspeare, not inapplicable to our proposed speculations in general, and still less so to the one in hand.

Green, a minor poet, author of the 'Spleen,' an effusion full of wit and good sense, gives pleasant advice to the sick who want exercise, and who are frightened with hypocondria:

Fling but a stone, the giant dies.

And this reminds us of a pleasant story connected with the flinging of stones, in one of the Italian novels. Two waggish painters persuade a simple brother of theirs, that there is a plant which renders the finder of it invisible, and they all set out to look for it. They pretend suddenly to miss him, as if he had gone away; and to his great joy, while throwing stones about in his absence, give him great knocks in the ribs, and horrible bruises, he hugging himself all the while at these manifest proofs of his success, and the little suspicion which they have of it. It is amusing to picture him to one's fancy, growing happier as the blows grow worse, rubbing his sore knuckles with delight, and hardly able to ejaculate a triumphant hah! at some excessive thump in the back.

But setting aside the wonders of the poets and the novelists, Pebble, in his own person, and by his own family alliances, includes wonders far beyond the most wonderful things they have imagined. Wrongly is Flint compared with a miser. You cannot, to be sure, skin him, but you can melt him: aye, make him absolutely flow into a liquid—flow too for use and beauty; and become light unto our eyes, goblets to our table, and a mirror to your beloved. Bring two friends of his about him, called Potash and Soda, and Flint runs into melting tenderness, and is no longer Flint; he is Glass. You look through him; you drink out of him; he furnishes you beautiful and transparent shutters against the rain and cold; you shave by him; protect pictures with him, and watches, and books, are assisted by him in a thousand curious philosophies; are helped over the sea by him; and he makes your cathedral windows divine; and enables your mistress to wear your portrait in her bosom.

But we must hasten to close our article, and bring his most precious riches down in a shower surpassing the rainbow. *Stone* is the humble relation, nay the stock and parent of Precious Stone. Ruby, Emerald and Sapphire are of his family—of the family of the Flints—and Flint is more in them than any thing else. That the habitations and secret bosoms of the precious metals are stone, is also true; but it is little compared with this. Precious stone, for the most part, is stone itself—is flint—with some wonderful circumstance of addition, nobody knows what; but without the flint, the preciousness would not be. Here is wealth and honor for Pebble! Look at him, and think what splendors issue from his loins:

> Fiery opals, sapphires, amethysts,
> Jacinths, hard topaz, grass-green emeralds,
> Beauteous rubies, sparkling diamonds,
> And seld-seen costly stones of so great price,
> As one of them, indifferently rated,
> Might serve, in peril of calamity,
> To ransom great kings from captivity. *Marlow.*

"Sparkling diamonds" are not properly in our list of pebbles; for diamond, the most brilliant mystery of all, is a *charcoal!*

What now remains for *stone*, thus filling the coffers of wealth, glorifying the crowns of sultans, and adding beams to beauty itself? One thing greater than all. The oldest and stoniest of stone is granite, and granite (as far as we know,) is the chief material of the earth itself—bones of the world—the substance of our *star*.

Honored therefore be thou, thou small pebble lying in the lane; and whenever any one looks at thee, may he think of the beautiful and noble world he lives in and all of which it is capable.

REMINISCENCES OF JUDGE EDANUS BURKE.—This most excellent, but eccentric man, who has now been dead near thirty years, was, while living, the delight of a large circle of friends. Some of his eccentricities have been brought to our recollection, by reading the following anecdote of him from Davis' Life of Burr; nothing could be more perfectly in character.

On the second of September, 1789, an affair of honor took place between the celebrated Aaron Burr, and Mr. Church, at Hoboken. Mr. Church was attended by Abijah Hammond, Esq., and Col. Burr by Judge Edanus Burke, of South Carolina. The biographer of Burr gives the following account of a ludicrous incident which occurred on the ground:

"Previous to leaving the city of New York, Col Burr presented to Judge Burke his pistol-case. He explained to the Judge that the balls were cast intentionally too small; that chamois leather was cut to the proper size to put round them, but that the leather must be greased, (for which purpose grease was placed in the case,) or that there would be a difficulty in getting the ball home. After the parties had taken their stand, Colonel Burr noticed the Judge hammering the ramrod with a stone, and immediately suspected the cause. When the pistol was handed him by his friend, he drew the ramrod, and ascertained that the ball was not home, and so informed the Judge; to which Judge Burke replied—'I forgot to grease the leather; but you see he is ready, don't keep him waiting—*just take a crack as it is, and I'll grease the next.*' Colonel Burr bowed courteously, but made no other reply, and discharged his pistol in the state it had been given to him. The anecdote for some time afterwards was a subject of merriment among those who had heard it."

There was a worthy old Dutch lady, by the name of Van Rhyn, who, at one time, lived near the Court House in Charleston, where it was convenient for the Judge to leave his robe, and call for it as he was going into court. One day he stopped in for it as usual, and taking down the first black garment that met his eye, he tucked it under his arm and walked into the court, ascended the bench, and commenced putting it on, when, to the great amazement of all present, he discovered that he had got on a lady's petticoat. Ladies in those days wore pockets, and the Judge had slipped the petticoat over his head, and got his arms through the pocket holes, before he discovered his mistake; when, with that gravity which seldom forsook him, and with his usual asseveration, he exclaimed—"Before God, I have got on Van Rhyn's petticoat!"

The Judge was a bachelor, and kept house, without any one about him but his servants. He occasionally had some friends to dine with him; and on one of these occasions he invited a number, who were all punctual to the hour; but the Judge was not at home, neither was there any appearance of dinner. Some time had elapsed before the Judge made his appearance, when, looking round the room, he very coolly asked—"To what happy circumstance am I indebted for the honor of your company, gentlemen?"—when the late Peter Freneau made answer—"Judge, you invited us to dine with you." "Before God, so I did," said the Judge, "but I had forgotten all about it!" He then deliberately walked out to his kitchen, and gave orders, and in about two hours a most excellent dinner was smoking from his table. In the interim, he had so entertained us from his vast resources of information and anecdote, that the delay was not noticed; and in the 'straw-colored Madeira' which circulated freely round the board, all the forebodings of disappointment were soon forgotten.

One day the Judge had occasion to employ a bricklayer to do a small job; a dispute arose between them, and the Judge knocked him down with a brick-bat. Relating the story in the evening, he concluded with—"Before God! was not that pretty conduct for a Judge? But I plastered his head with a ten pound note, (there was paper medium in those days,) and he was satisfied, and would have been glad to have had it broken once a week on the same terms."

Sitting on the trial of a horse-thief, (a capital offence in South Carolina,) the case was fully proved, as was the fact that the prisoner, when he committed the act, had been drinking whiskey. The Judge, who could not bear the idea of a man's life being put in competition with the value of a tacky not worth five pounds, in his charge to the jury, told them that "the citizen's stealing the horse was owing to the whiskey he had been drinking;" and added, "when I was a boy, I sometimes drank whiskey; and if I happened to take a drop too much, I always felt a great inclination to steal." The prisoner was acquitted.

We could fill a volume with facts in the life of this singular man, to whom the United States are indebted for having defeated the hereditary succession of the "*Order of Cincinnati.*" The Judge wrote a pamphlet on this subject, which, for terseness and strength of style, was only surpassed by Junius. *Cincinnati Evening Post.*

GENERAL ENOS, a native of Connecticut, was one of the earliest pioneers in the settlement of Vermont, and encountered the hardships and privations incident to the settlement of all new countries. At the first election of representatives to Congress from that State, Stephen R. Bradley and General Enos were prominent and rival candidates. The General, as well as many others, considered the services he had rendered the new State deserving of a full share of its honors. Mr. B., however, succeeded, by a small majority over the General, and obtained his election. This disappointment occasioned some unpleasant feelings in the breast of the General. A question arose in the General Assembly of the State, in which both of these gentlemen were members, as to the *form* of the certificate of the choice to serve as credentials to enable the member elect to take his seat in Congress. Mr. B., without request, drew a form, which was handed to the Speaker, and read as follows:—"The people of the State of Vermont, free and independent, have chosen Stephen R. Bradley, Esq., to represent this State in the Congress of the United States." The General, whose ready wit was always at command, arose, addressed the Speaker, and observed, that he was no stickler for *form*, but in a document of the kind under consideration, he thought it somewhat important that the certificate should express the truth of the fact constituting its efficiency. He therefore moved to amend the form of the certificate, gratuitously presented by the member elect, so that it might read thus:—"The people of the State of Vermont, *not having the fear of God before their eyes, but moved and instigated by the devil*, have chosen Stephen R. Bradley, Esq., to represent this State in the Congress of the United States." A roar of laughter burst from every member in the house, not excepting the Speaker, and Mr. B. himself. The General left, revenged and satisfied; and the rival candidates, and their friends, were immediately reconciled to a state of good feeling toward each other.
Saturday Evening Post. SEVENTY-SIX.

GOING TO PROPOSE.—"I should feel very much obliged to you for any advice, sir," said Mr. Magnus, taking another look at the clock, the hand of which was verging to the five minutes past. "Well, sir," said Mr. Pickwick, with the profound solemnity with which that great man could, when he pleased, render his remarks so deeply impressive; "I should commence, sir, with a tribute to the lady's beauty and excellent qualities; from them, sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness." "Very good," said Mr. Magnus. "Unworthiness for *her* only, mind, sir," resumed Mr. Pickwick; "for, to show that I was not wholly unworthy, sir, I should take a brief review of my past life and present condition—I should argue, by analogy, that to any body else I must be a very desirable object. I should then expatiate on the warmth of my love and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand." "Yes, I see," said Mr. Magnus, "that would be a very great point." "I should then, sir," continued Mr. Pickwick, growing warmer and warmer as the subject presented itself in more glowing colors before him—"I should then, sir, come to the plain and simple question, 'Will you have me?' I think I am justified in assuming that upon this she would turn away her head." "You think that may be taken for granted?" said Mr. Magnus; "because, if she did not do that at the right place, it would be embarrassing." "I think she would," said Mr. Pickwick. "Upon this, sir, I should squeeze her hand, and I think—I think, Mr. Magnus—that after I had done that, supposing there was no refusal, I should gently draw away the handkerchief which my slight knowledge of human nature leads me to suppose the lady would be applying to her eyes at the moment, and steal a respectful kiss.—I think I should kiss her, Mr. Magnus, and at this particular point. I am decidedly of opinion that if the lady were going to take me at all, she would murmur out a bashful acceptance." Mr. Magnus started, gazed on Mr. Pickwick's intelligent face for a short time in silence, and then (the dial pointing to the ten minutes past) shook him warmly by the hand, and rushed desperately forward. *Pickwick Papers.*

ST. HELENA.—The spot where the dust of Napoleon reposes on this desolate island, has almost become a Mecca or a Delphos to the errant countrymen of the departed Emperor. A gentleman who has recently returned from that region, informs us, that the grave of the First Consul is visited with almost as much devotion by Frenchmen, as the Holy Sepulchre is approached by pilgrims at Jerusalem. A small building like a sentry-box is situated near the tomb, which is surrounded by a dark iron paling; within this box is a book, where travellers record their names. The passionate feelings of the tourists from *la belle France* here find vent in words; sentences of sorrow, and ejaculations of grief, mingled with the cooler observations of travellers from other lands, are found on every page. *Philadelphia Gazette.*

THE INDUSTRY OF NATURE.—"Industry is the visible friend of happiness and virtue. It adapts the gifts of the Creator to the ends which he designed. We are excited to it by the examples and analogies of nature.

"The little rill hastens onward to the broader stream, cheering the flowers on its margin, and singing to the pebbles in their bed. The river rushes to the sea, dispensing, on a broader scale, fertility and beauty. Ocean, receiving his thousand tribute-streams, and swelling his ceaseless thunder-hymn, bears to their desired haven those white-winged messengers which promote the comfort and wealth of man, and act as envoys between remotest climes. In the secret bosom of the earth, the little heart of the committed seed quickens, circulation commences, the slender radicles expand, the new-born plant lifts a timid eye to the sun-beam—the blossoms diffuses odor—the grain whitens for the reaper—the tree perfects its fruit. Nature is never idle.

"Lessons of industry come also from insect-teachers, from the winged chymist in the bell of the hyacinth, and the political economist bearing the kernel of corn to its sub'erranean magazine. * * * * The bird gathers food for itself, and for its helpless claimants, with songs of love; or spreading a migratory wing, hangs its light architecture on the palm-branch of Africa, the wind-swept and scanty foliage of the orrades, or the slender, sky-piercing minaret of the Moslem." * * * * * * *

Mrs. Sigourney's Letters.

THE WORKER.

SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1837.

The State of the Country.—Whoever is at all conversant with the spirit of the press, or with the public sentiment of which the former is usually but the echo, will acknowledge the uniformity and earnestness with which the evils of the times are depicted and enlarged upon. We do not mean to assert that the existence of complaint is novel—we refer to its universality and intensity. 'Hard times!' is an exclamation which the reader may recollect having heard repeatedly, though he be not as old as Methuselah. But at present the voice of complaint is more definite as well as louder than usual. To 'Hard Times,' and 'Money Scarce,' are added 'High Prices,' 'Scarcity of Bread,' 'Excessive Bank Issues,' 'Overtrading,' and 'Speculation.'

We propose to remark briefly on the general subject, holding a different faith in regard to it from that generally entertained. While one portion of the press is disposed to attribute the evils complained of to the existence or the misconduct of Banks, another asserts that the currency measures of the General Administration have occasioned all the mischief; while by some the distribution of the Surplus Revenue, by others the mismanagement of that distribution, is declared the root of the evil. Now, what controlling influence may have been exerted by the Banks, the Distribution, the Specie Circular, or any of the measures of the last eighteen months, we do not here discuss. We assume the fact—which will hardly be disputed—that there would have been a scarcity of money and an appreciation of prices within the last year, although no new Banks had been created and no Distribution of the Surplus had been made. We propose to look into the more general causes of the assumed evils, and to demonstrate that they are temporary if not questionable in their nature, and by no means of the malignant cast which is popularly assigned them.

There is a short-hand method of reasoning on such subjects which is very commonly resorted to, and yet not thoroughly convincing. Thus—the Specie Circular has drawn millions of specie into the Western wilds, and compelled the Banks to reduce their accommodations, and money is scarce—therefore the Specie Circular is the sole cause of the scarcity. Or—the Bank capital of the country has increased one hundred millions since the opening of 1836, and flour has risen five dollars a barrel—therefore the increase of Bank capital has caused the advance in flour. Deductions of this sort may be sometimes wholly and oftener partially correct; but they are not to be implicitly depended on.

The scarcity and high rate of money is of itself an unquestionable evil to those who need it—a class much larger in this than in any other country. We speak of those who engage in business or purchase property beyond their immediate means, trusting to the profits of their business or the sale of their property to enable them to make payments as fast as they are required. It would doubtless be desirable to this numerous and not undeserving class if money were obliged to seek borrowers at 4 and 5 per cent. instead of commanding 20 or 30, and being scarcely obtainable, even at those rates. But can it reasonably be supposed that money will be abundant at low rates when it will actually produce from 10 to 50 per cent. if judiciously invested in property! When the population of the country is increasing at the rate of 6 or 9 per cent its wealth at 10 to 15 per cent. and its business in a still greater ratio, how is it to be supposed that money will be plentiful at 6 or 7 per cent.! The scarcity in this instance is not an evidence of distress, but of the extraordinary prosperity of the country. Individuals have doubtless adventured too deeply, and are suffering the consequences of their error; but the fact that money commands a high interest is not an evidence of general adversity. Capitalists who have hitherto loaned at 6 and 7 per cent. find it more profitable to call in and invest their money; while those who have borrowed and invested at those rates find the operation so profitable that they endeavor to extend their business. Of course, a scarcity of money is created—higher rates are exacted and submitted to, until they become exorbitant, and individuals suffer. The ultimate effect must be to render capitalists more generally holders of property instead of lenders of money, and thus to reduce the demand for money and the rate which is paid for it.

The advanced price of provisions and of nearly every agricultural product is directly traceable to the same causes which have enhanced the rate of interest. Indeed, so long as the credit of the country is permitted to extend itself, by means of Bank issues, on a scale commensurate with the increase of business and the rise of property, the rate of interest may be kept down, and money will remain easy; but this has no effect on the price of products. No scheme yet discovered will make one bushel of wheat stand in the place of three or four, or in any way answer the purpose of the larger quantity. Whenever the product of the country is inadequate to its consumption, the price must advance to the cost of its importation, as we have heretofore explained.—And, though the immediate cause of the present scarcity and high price of bread-stuffs is a partial failure of the last harvest, yet it is not less true that the price would have advanced if the crop had been an average one. There is no mystery in this, as there certainly is no shadow of iniquity. Fifty, five hundred, or five thousand individuals this year resolve to withdraw their capital from stocks, loans, city real estate, or other passive investment, and employ it in the purchase and improvement of Western lands, for example. At the very outset, a great number of laborers, who would otherwise be engaged in productive agriculture, are employed to subdue the lands, to build houses, &c. and are temporarily subtracted from the list of producers and added to that of consumers. Then roads must be opened, bridges built, and probably a canal or railroad constructed—all subtracting largely from the number of grain-growers for the time being. Provisions rise in value, as a matter of course; but is the country injured? are the poor unjustly oppressed? have the 'speculators' necessarily infringed the rights of their neighbors or violated the dictates of their consciences? If not, what reason is there in the clamor against speculation?

During the last year, if we may form an estimate from a general and tolerably careful perusal of the public journals, not less than thirty millions of dollars were expended within the Union on the construction of canals and rail-roads. Probably thrice that sum would not defray the cost of the actual additions to the nation's wealth in the clearing of wild lands, the erection of buildings, the improvement of harbors, rivers, roads, and the facilities of intercommunication generally.—This is a mighty stride in the career of National greatness for a people of yesterday, by no means wealthy, and numbering but sixteen millions. Had but one-tenth of these improvements been made, money would now be plentiful at 7 per cent. and flour at eight dollars per barrel—(for though the wheat crop was short, a large addition to the number of producers would have prevented a deficiency.) But how many among us would willingly purchase these reductions at such a cost! Be they many or few, we envy them not their selfishness. They cannot feel the pressure of the immediate evils more keenly than we do. They cannot feel that they operate with peculiar severity upon them more deeply than we. The sixpenny loaf is reduced to half its former size; but the sixpenny newspaper must be fully as large as ever.—The farmer who exacts fifty per cent. advance on all his products would stop his newspaper at once if its price were raised even ten per cent. But the fever of speculation, of change, of improvement, is injurious to us in many ways.—It destroys or vitiates the public taste in and for literature. The School Commissioners of this State recently reported that in those towns where great speculations and improvements in real estate had been made during the past year, even the attendance on schools had sensibly declined, and the cause of education been neglected. This is true beyond doubt; and the persons so deeply engaged in speculation and improvement that they neglect the education of their children, will have already lost all immediate interest in or taste for literature. They have suspended the cultivation of their minds for the advancement of their fortunes. The excitement of profit and loss—of notes payable and bargain in contemplation—has superseded or overshadowed all taste for the tranquil pleasures of intellectual refinement. All professions or avocations ministering to the more refined rather than the grosser tastes of the community are unfavorably affected. The clergyman finds his salary though nominally the same yet really much less than it was four years since; while the interest of his flock in things spiritual is never a whit more intense than formerly. The artist, like the author, editor, or publisher, must be grateful for his old prices, though his expenses of living or of business are formidably enhanced. Thus, one effect of speculation is to favor the agricultural interest at the expense of others, and another to dexelope the physical in undue proportion to the intellectual resources of the country. Were this a final result, then might speculation be justly deprecated; but, viewing it as an incident—a temporary and not an ultimate consequence—the natural accompaniment of a state of agitation or transition—we are not disposed to reject the general and permanent good for the sake of the partial and transitory evil.

But what course do the exigencies of the times demand? and what means shall be adopted to mitigate the pressure of existing evils? Politically, we would say, Let Government strive to place the credit of the country in such a position as will enable it most efficiently to sustain the business thereof—in other words, let the utmost freedom be given to the employment of credit in business transactions which is compatible with general security and solvency. If the owners of a township of land worth $100,000 should desire to issue paper thereon to the amount of twenty-five or fifty thousand—the said property basis being inalienably pledged to its redemption—we know no rule of right or sound maxim of policy which justifies a legislative interdict. The security of the public against fraud, folly and insolvency, is a legitimate object of Legislative concern—beyond that, any interference with the business transactions of individuals is alike impolitic and tyrannical.

But the aspects of the times prescribe a distinct line of conduct to our citizens as individual members of the community and well-wishers to the country. The crisis demands universal and untiring industry even more than economy.—Every farmer should be stimulated by public as well as private interest to raise heavier crops than heretofore. There must be a great demand for agricultural products for years, unless the march of improvement be arrested by a general bankruptcy. And, when every article of provision commands a price twenty to fifty per cent. higher than formerly, while it is notorious that not one farm in a hundred produces to the extent of its capacity, the dictates of enlightened self-interest would seem too plain to be mistaken. The laborer, too, should bear in mind that the money value of his labor is now higher than it has been for years, and therefore the inducement to systematic industry—aside from the increased necessity for it—is greater than heretofore. Industry—universal, well-directed, persevering industry—is the breeze which must bear the good ship Public Weal off the threatening breakers of bankruptcy and ruin. If the future be rightly improved, there is little in the past to regret. Every man should doubtless exercise great caution with regard to new speculations, new undertakings, new projects requiring the outlay of capital. But ordinary circumspection, coupled with resolute and judicious industry, will surmount all difficulties. The country is not deeply in debt to other nations; the balance of trade is not heavily against her; the export of specie is inconsiderable, and the rate of exchange on England decidedly favorable. All will eventually be well. The rate of interest will be high and money in demand for years, but not so intensely as now. The price of bread-stuffs will be somewhat reduced after the re-opening of our internal navigation—still more so by midsummer, if the prospect of the next crop be good. Beyond that, the enhanced remuneration of labor must neutralize the additional cost of living.—With a liberal and enlightened policy, all will be right; but the pretender to statesmanship or patriotism who can seriously propose to destroy our credit system at this juncture, or ever, to cripple it by the interdiction of all notes below fifty or a hundred dollars, must have a keener relish for general misery and ruin than we deem consistent with the semblance of humanity.

"*The Jeffersonian*," a new weekly journal, of the largest reasonable size, has just reached us from Richmond, Indiana. It is ably and temperately edited, and excellently printed. In politics, it supports the National Administration.

The Inauguration.—The ceremony of inducting Mr. Van Buren into the office of Chief Magistrate and Executive Head of the nation is performed this day at Washington. At the same time, Col. Johnson enters upon the discharge of his duties as Vice President The friends of these gentlemen will celebrate the event by appropriate festivities not only in Washington but at various points throughout the country.—A salute of five hundred guns will be fired here, by order of the Democratic General Committee, and a splendid Ball will be given at the National Metropolis. This is right. 'Let those laugh who win,' is a wholesome maxim, and its proper observance violates no dictate of magnanimity and courtesy to the vanquished. But we understand that these rejoicings are by no means 'as smoke to the eyes' of the less fortunate party. Many of those who cannot rejoice that Mr. Van Buren is coming in are gratified at the reflection that Gen. Jackson is going out. Those whose estimate of both is most unfavorable console themselves with the belief that the new President cannot do so much harm as they attribute to his predecessor—that his known shrewdness and circumspection will prevent him if he could, while his less fervid popularity will not permit him if he would. On the whole, we infer that the Fourth of March will be pretty generally regarded as a jubilee as well as an epoch by our citizens.

We have nothing more authentic from Washington in relation to the embryo Cabinet. The presumption that no radical change will be made at present seems to gain strength. A few days will decide. The appointment of Mr. Dallas or Mr. Muhlenberg to a responsible station will be strongly urged upon Mr. Van Buren from Pennsylvania. If either of them is selected, we believe Mr. Dallas will be the man.—Mr. Butler will take up his residence with the new President in the White House.—By the way, the rumored marriage of the latter seems to have been laid on the table.

Accounts through various channels concur in representing that a violent contest is now raging between two classes of the leading supporters of 'the powers that be'—those already in office, and those who have no objection to be there. Both are on the ground in great force, and at work with appropriate industry and earnestness. The applicants urge the propriety and fitness of permitting those who came in with the expiring Administration to go out with it, and give place to those who have so long and patiently done duty with the rank and file. We understand that this doctrine is the popular one in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts—how far it may be so elsewhere we shall not presume to decide. It seems not unreasonable, and may perhaps be acted on at a convenient season; but we do not believe the new President will make any very extensive changes at present.

The letter-writers tell a piquant anecdote of Mr. Van Buren and one of the swarm of office-seekers now congregated at Washington—a crowd to which the Army of Martyrs is but a circumstance. It ought to be true, for it is highly creditable to the Executive elect. The latter was recently waited on by a nameless gentleman, who, either for himself or as the agent of a coterie, expressed his ardent admiration of the character of his auditor, Mr. V. B. and begged leave to present him with a trifle he held in his hand—a unique gold-headed cane, costing fifty dollars. The Magician replied, with that bland and oily courtesy for which he is pre-eminently distinguished, that a cane was an article for which he had no occasion—one to which he trusted he should not be compelled to resort for many years. Such being the fact, he would suggest that the donor might as well retain it, as it would be positively of no use to him.—It will be readily understood that the gentleman at once profited by the suggestion—or, in vulgar parlance, 'cut stick.'

The Washington News.—Our advices from Washington come down to the adjournment of both Houses on Wednesday night. It is rendered evident that not one-fifth of the bills already reported can be definitively acted upon. By a reference to our report, it will be seen that the bill repealing the Treasury requirement of Specie in payment for Public Lands has passed the House, and only wants the signature of the President. It is thought, however, that he will withhold it until after the adjournment of Congress, and thus destroy it, as more than two-thirds of each House are in its favor, and would pass it over the head of a Veto. The Senate's Land Sale Restriction bill has been killed in the House, and the House's proposition for a further Distribution of the Surplus Revenue has been defeated in the Senate. It is intimated that the House may insist on the Distribution, in which case the Senate must recede or the Fortification bill goes by the board. We suspect the House will not insist, however.

We have a report of a spicy scene in the General (Wise) Investigating Committee on Wednesday. Mr. Dutee J. Pearce commenced reading a report, purporting to come from the majority of the Committee, reflecting severely upon the conduct of the minority, or Opposition Members, Messrs. Wise, Thompson of S. C. and Lincoln of Mass. The two latter were soon on their feet—Mr. Wise as Chairman striving to maintain order. As the Report grew more and more exceptionable, Mr. Thompson at length announced that he should hold any Member personally responsible who should vote for its adoption and presentation to the House, and that if personal satisfaction were denied him he would cowskin the offender wherever he could find him. One story states that he proposed to lock the door of the Committee-room till the matter was settled. The offensive document was withdrawn, and a more courteous substitute adopted.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The political barometer indicates an increase of temperature at the metropolis of the Key Stone. The Bank Investigation is now going on. Mr. Pennypacker, one of the majority in the last Legislature, and an active advocate of the Bank Charter, has been fully examined. Nothing of consequence was elicited. Thaddeus Stevens, Esq., the great champion of the measure, was on the stand at our last advices. He commenced, as did Mr. P., with a protest against the right of this Legislature to impute bribery and corruption to the last, and then proceed to summon the Members to give evidence against themselves. He maintained that he is no longer amenable to this Legislature, nor to any but the judicial power, aside from his constituents, for his conduct as a legislator. As soon as this protest was entered on the Committee's journal, however, he waived his claim of exemption, and proceeded to answer all questions. We do not learn that his testimony, thus far, discloses any facts of interest. The investigation will probably protract the session of the Legislature two or three weeks.

The Annual Apportionment Bill has been reported. The whole sum proposed to be expended *during* 1837, is between three and four millions. Of this, $600,000 is to be applied on the main line of Canal from Pittsburgh to Erie, and $690,000 to the North Branch extension. The remainder is apportioned in much smaller sums to the various Canals, Rail-Roads, and minor works under the control of the State which have not yet been completed. We infer that the bill will undergo no material alteration.

The friends of the State Administration held a general meeting at the State House on the 25th. Hon. Charles Ogle was President. Thomas H. Burrowes, (Secretary of State,) and three other Secretaries. A Committee of twenty-one was raised to draft resolutions—James Todd and Thaddeus Stevens at its head. They reported in favor of a State Convention in May, at which the question of a future National Convention is to be discussed. Both the friends and opponents of such a Convention are represented as unanimously favorable to the nomination of Gen. HARRISON for the Presidency.

MAINE.—Hon. Reuel Williams, of Augusta, has been chosen a Senator of the United States for six years ensuing, to fill the seat formerly occupied by Ether Shepley, and for the past winter by Judah Dana. Gov. Dunlap, F. O. J. Smith, Nathan Clifford, Leonard Jarvis, and others, are understood to have been aspirants to the station, and the multiplicity of claimants delayed the choice to the last hour. The question was finally settled in caucus. The vote in joint ballot was, for Williams, 118; George Evans, (Whig) 53; and 15 scattering.

The new Senator is represented by his opponents as a gentleman of distinguished ability, as well as estimable character. He was a Federalist in other times, but a supporter of Gen. Jackson since 1827-8, and once or twice an unsuccessful candidate for Congress against Hon. Geo. Evans.

MISSOURI.—The bill chartering a State Bank of a complex character, with a capital of five millions, has become a law, and the subscription books were to have been opened at St. Louis on Monday of last week. John Smith, of that city, is already selected as President. Missouri has for some years rejoiced in an entire exemption from Banks; but the inconveniences of her policy have been severely felt by her people. We should have supposed Mr. Benton's doctrines would prevail here if any where.

CONNECTICUT.—The Whigs of this State held a Convention at Hartford on the 22d, for the nomination of a Ticket to be supported at the ensuing election. About two hundred Delegates were in attendance—Henry C. Flagg, Mayor of New Haven, President. The following candidates were selected:

For Governor,	WM. W. ELLSWORTH,	of Hartford.
" Lt. Governor,	BENJAMIN ISAACS,	" Norwalk.
" Treasurer,	NATHANIEL GOODWIN,	" Hartford.
" Comptroller,	ROGER HUNTINGTON,	" Norwich.
" Sec. of State,	NATHANIEL PERRY,	" N. Milford.

For Governor, 190 votes were cast, of which 189 were for Mr. Ellsworth. The other candidates were selected with less unanimity, though by decided majorities.

VIRGINIA.—The Congressional and Legislative Elections in this State are held throughout the month of April. They seem to elicit little interest as yet. Messrs. George Loyall, John Y. Mason, Edward Lucas, and John M. Beale, Administration Members of the present Congress, decline a re-election. Mr. McComas (Whig) do. Col Andrew Beirne (V. B.) and Andrew Donally (Anti) are candidates in his district. Messrs. Patton, Garland, Roane, Johnson, Morgan, Craig, (Adm.) and Robertson, Taliaferro, Wise, Claiborne, Mercer, (Oppo.) are understood to be candidates for re-election.

Congress.—The past has been a week of intense interest in Congress. We shall endeavor to give a view of what has been done, leaving what has been said for review at a more convenient season.

On Friday and Saturday of last week, the Senate discussed and passed Mr. Wright's bill reducing or repealing the import duties on certain articles. This bill deals gingerly with the manufacturing interests, and does not touch coal. On its final passage, it was opposed by Messrs. Southard, Clay, Calhoun, and Knight, on the common ground of its violation of the Tariff Compromise of 1833, and its opening up and unsettling the whole subject of our former Tariff and Anti-Tariff dissensions. Mr. Clay moved its re-committal, with instructions to strike out all protected articles; and on this proposition the vote stood—

YEAS—Messrs. Bayard, Black, Calhoun, Clay, Crittenden, Clayton, Davis, Ewing, (Ohio,) Hendricks, Kent, Knight, M'Kean, Moore, Morris, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Southard, Swift, Spencer, Tipton, Tomlinson, Wall, Webster—24.

NAYS—Messrs. Benton, Brown, Cuthbert, Ewing, (Ill.) Fulton, Hubbard, King, (Ala.) King, (Ga.) Linn, Lyon, Mouton, Nicholas, Niles, Norvell, Parker, Page, Rives, Robinson, Ruggles, Sevier, Strange, Tallmadge, Walker, White, Wright—25.

A motion to strike out 'common salt' from the list of articles made free of duty was Lost: Ayes 15; Noes 28. The bill finally passed: Yeas 27; Noes 18—The absentees on the test vote given above, by which it was virtually decided that the compromise of 1833 is not to be adhered to, were Messrs. Buchanan, Grundy, and Dana. Their votes would not have changed the result; as Mr. Buchanan alone would have voted in the affirmative.

On Friday, the President laid before the Senate a memorial from the Board of Directors of the United States Bank, stating that they had seen the Report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which it was stated that the Bank had been unwilling to settle and adjust their account with the United States. They state that they are and always have been ready to settle and adjust their account. They regret that the estimate of the Commissioners of the value of the stock of the United States in the Bank was not communicated to them, and state that they are ready to adjust their accounts on that estimate, and pay over the balance, reserving for a judicial decision the reserved dividends held to pay the commissions claimed by the Bank on the Bills of Exchange drawn by the United States Government on the Government of France. The memorial was referred to the Committee on Finance, and ordered to be printed.

The Appropriation bills have been under discussion in the House every day and at all hours. That for the Navy is understood to provide handsomely for the South Sea Exploring Expidition. An appropriation for launching and fitting out the great ship Pennsylvania, on the stocks at Philadelphia, was struck out, and one for six sloops inserted in its stead.

The House have adopted resolutions similar to those of the Senate in relation to our difficulties with Mexico. So there will be neither war nor reprisals this year.

On Saturday, Mr. Galbraith, from the select committee to which was referred the various memorials on the subject of the currency, and the notes of the old Bank of the United States, reported resolutions providing that the notes of the United States Bank of Pennsylvania shall not be taken in payment of any dues to the Government, nor be received on deposite by any Deposite Bank of the U S. until said United States Bank shall pay all the demands made upon it by the Government, and shall cease issuing any notes of the old United States Bank.

Before the resolution was disposed of, the orders of the day were called for.

The most striking feature in the legislation of the week is the passage through the House of a proposition to distribute the Surplus Revenue which may remain on the first of January next. The history of this measure is worth relating. It having become evident that no original Distribution Bill would be passed this session, the House was electrified, while sitting on Friday night in Committee of the Whole on the Fortification Bill, by an amendment to an amendment moved by Mr. Bell of Tennessee, directing a distribution of the Surplus Revenue! The House was thin, and the proposition failed—Ayes 71, Noes 75. Mr. Bell, nothing daunted, renewed his motion before a full House the next morning, when the bill came out of committee and within reach of the Yeas and Nays. An animated and general debate ensued, which consumed the whole day. An attempt to cut off the proposition by the Previous Question was defeated, as it would have cut off all amendments. Finally, at 10 o'clock the House came to a direct vote on the proposition, and the Distribution was *carried*: Ayes 113; Noes 92. An attempt was then made to engraft Mr. Cambreleng's Anti-Tariff bill, and afterward the Senate's Land Bill upon the whole; but both were defeated. The Fortification Bill, as amended, passed its third reading by a heavy majority. An attempt to change the basis of Distribution from Electoral to Representative was lost—121 to 75.

The question of recognizing the Independence of Texas came up during the evening session—the General Appropriation Bill being before the House. Mr. Thompson of S. C. opened the ball by proposing an appropriation to defray the outfit and salary of a Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of San Felipe, Columbia, Houston, and all along shore. The proposition was advocated by the mover and Mr. Bynum of N. C. and opposed by Gen. Mason of Ohio, Mr. Hoar of Mass. and others. At 11 o'clock there was a cry of "No quorum!" and the Sergeant-at-Arms was despatched through the city to whip in the absentees through a furious storm of sleet and rain. Three or four hours were spent in this agreeable duty the debate still proceeding. Fifteen members were fined $2 each (which goes into the pocket of the Sergeant-at-Arms) for their absence, twice as many were excused, and some would not come at all. Col. R. M. Johnson was excused pleading a desire to enjoy a little refreshment prior to entering upon the duties of a higher station. Mr. M'Comas of Va. said he went home under the impression that the whole night would be consumed in talking, and he did not wish to enjoy the eloquence at the expense of his slumbers. The House finally adjourned at 6 o'clock on Tuesday morning. The matter in debate was adjusted by appropriating the money to be expended whenever the President should see fit to authorize the Embassy.

The Senate were engaged throughout Tuesday on the Fortification and Distribution bill from the House.—Messrs. Rives, Niles, Wright, Buchanan and others, opposed the Distribution, which was defended by Messrs. Clay, Calhoun, and Preston. The debate was not closed till 6 o'clock, P. M. when the vote was taken and the Distribution clause stricken out by a party vote, as follows:

Yeas.—Benton, Black, Brown, Buchanan, Cuthbert, Ewing, (Ill.) Fulton, Grundy, Hubbard, King, (Ala.) King, (Geo.) Linn, Lyon, Nicholas, Niles, Norvell, Page, Parker, Ruggles, Rives, Sevier, Strange, Tallmadge, Walker, Wall, Wright-26.

Nays.—Bayard, Calhoun, Clayton, Crittenden, Davis, Ewing, (Ohio,) Hendricks, Kent, Knight, Moore, Prentiss, Preston, Robbins, Southard, Spence, Swift, Tomlinson, Webster, White—19.

So there will be no Distribution of the Surplus Revenue next year.

In the House, the Texas question and the Cumberland Road Bill were considered. The former was settled by compromise, and the latter had not been disposed of at the hour of recess.

On Wednesday, the Senate were engaged till a late hour in the discussion of a resolution directing the immediate recognition of the Independence of Texas. Messrs. Walker and Preston were its leading supporters. Mr. Clay thought the passage of the resolution unnecessary, if not premature, as the amendment to the Appropriation Bill adopted by the House would answer all purposes. He expressed his sympathy for the cause of Texas, and asked to be understood as not taking any ground with regard to the ultimate annexation of Texas to this country. He suggested the laying of the resolution on the table, declaring that he should vote in its favor, if forced to vote on it at all.

In the House, reports were received from both the majority and minority of the Whitney Investigating Committee. The former makes Mr. Whitney a very harmless individual, neither an officer of the Treasury Department, nor of the Deposite Banks; but a simple Agent of the latter for the procurement and transmission of information from the Treasury. Mr. Peyton's counter report recommends the passage of an act prohibiting the communication of secret intelligence by the Secretary of the Treasury, for the benefit of the Deposite or any other Banks. He accompanied its presentation with severe animadversions on the constitution and conduct of the Committee, as expressly designed to baffle and defeat the desired investigation.

The Senate's bill, in effect repealing the Treasury Specie Circular, was next taken up, with an amendment by Mr. Cambreleng, from the Committee of Ways and Means, calculated to neutralize its operation. This amendment was cut off by the Previous Question—Yeas 126, Nays 71—and the bill passed: Yeas 143, Nays 54.

At the evening session, the Senate passed the resolution in favor of recognizing the Independence of Texas: Yeas 23, Nays 19. The National Appropriation bill was passed, with an amendment adding $100,000 for fitting out and launching the great ship Pennsylvania. The Harbor Bill, the Indian War bill, and the West Point Appropriation bill, were severally passed. The General Appropriation bill, with several inconsiderable amendments, was passed to a third reading, and at 10 o'clock the Senate Adj.

In the House, the Senate's Land Bill came up. Messrs. Hardin and Underwood opposed it. Mr. Johnson of La. moved the Previous Question. Mr. Love of N. Y. moved that the bill do lie on the table. Mr. Hannegan demanded the Yeas and Nays, which were ordered and taken: Yeas *one hundred and seven*; Nays *ninety-one*: so the bill restricting and mystifying the sales of Public Lands was laid on the table by a majority of *sixteen*.

The New-York Fire Relief Bill was taken up and committed; Mr. Wright's Tariff bill ditto. An act for the further relief of insolvent debtors of the U. States was passed. A joint resolution from the Senate, authorising the Secretary of the Treasury to settle with the U S. Bank, was passed.—Also, a bill intended to permit Jersey Pilots to conduct vessels into the Harbor of New-York. The House also passed several private and District of Columbia bills. Mr. Cambreleng moved to go again into Committee, but the House refused, and at 9 o'clock Adjourned.

The Investigating Committees.—The Opposition journals are rife with reports and rumors of corruption and iniquity brought to light by the action of these Committees. As they have not reported, however, we find little of that tangible character which is necessary to adapt it to our columns. The selection and regulation of the Deposite banks appears to have attracted a large share of the attention of the principal Committee. The following letters, brought to light last week, have made some stir in this city:

New-York, 31 October, 1833.

The services of the Seventh Ward Bank are respectfully offered to the Hon. the Secretary of the Treasury.

The Directors feel much confidence in this application being (without exception) as well as the stockholders, with few exceptions, friends of the administration.

It is also respectfully recommended to your notice, that at the time of the distribution of the stock of this institution, the Commissioners awarded no portion to the Brokers in Wall street. This excited their indignation against the Bank, and engendered a resolution (passed at their board) that they would not deal in the stock, either directly or indirectly, and the members of their board bound themselves to abide by such resolution on pain of exclusion.

The Directors having the *highest personal conside ation for Gen. Jackson* respectfully request the Secretary to lay this letter before the President.

(Signed) Walter Bowne, Pres't.

New-York, 16th December, 1833.

We, the subscribers, officers and directors of the Seventh Ward Bank in the city of New-York, friends of the administration, and of the Revered Chief at the head of the Government, do solicit a portion of the fiscal patronage of the United States Treasury, for the Seventh Ward Bank. The terms as those most favorable to the Government. Walter Bowne, Pres't.

Wm. O'Conner, Cashier, (and twelve Directors.)

BANK OF THE UNITED STATES.

In the House of Representatives, on Saturday, when the resolution reported by Mr. Galbraith in reference to the notes of the United States Bank was under consideration—the following proceedings took place:

Mr. Ingersoll rose and stated that he learned from the Speaker that he had in his possession a memorial from the President, Directors, and Company of the United States Bank, which might obviate the necessity in the mind of every gentleman, of further proceedings upon the resolution offered from the Select Committee. He therefore, asked leave of the House for the Speaker to present the memorial, and requested the Speaker to do so.

Leave being granted, the Speaker presented the following memorial, which was read:

To the Senate and House of Representatives in Congress assembled:

The memorial of the President, Directors, and Company of the Bank of the United States, respectfully represents: That, having recently seen among the documents printed by Congress, a report of the Secretary of the Treasury, in which he laments that he has not been able to settle with the Bank, and invokes the aid of Congress, they deem it proper to state they are now as they always have been ready and anxious to settle; and that not the slightest delay, nor the least obstacle of any kind can justly be ascribed to them. This they propose to render obvious in a few words.

In a settlement between the Government and the Bank, one of two courses was necessary. The first was to wind up the whole business of the institution and divide the proceeds; a mode inevitable, had the Bank ceased its operations on the 4th of March. But, as the institution continued with no change, except the retirement of a single partner, it was deemed a process equally harsh and useless to force the country to pay sixty millions of debts at a moment of general embarrassment, merely to balance the books of the Banks; and the second mode was therefore preferred—that of estimating the value of the stock on the 4th of March, and paying the Government its proportion. This was the easiest, and simplest, and fairest mode of adjustment. It was obviously the mode contemplated by Congress, who, on the 23d of June, 1836, authorised the Secretary of the Treasury to receive payment "in such instalments, and payable at such times, and with such rates of interest as he shall see fit to agree to." To estimate the value of the stock was, therefore, the first step towards the settlement. Accordingly, soon after the Secretary received his authority from Congress, a report was made by a committee of three members of the late Bank, three of the new, and three impartial umpires connected with neither, stating the value of the stock.

The valuation on the part of the Bank was transmitted to the Secretary, with an offer "that all the materials upon which it is founded will, of course, be submitted to any examination which you may desire to make;" and that the Bank will be equally ready to adopt any mode which may be deemed expedient for making such a division of the assets of the Bank as may assure to the Bank its just and ample proportion. To this communication the Secretary answered on the 19th and 20th of Sept. as follows: "I have cheerfully accepted your offer to permit an examination to be made of the materials upon which that report is founded, and will appoint three gentlemen to investigate those materials and report to me their views upon them, and also the proper basis of a settlement"—These commissioners accordingly visited the Bank, and, after nearly four months, reported. It was naturally presumed that when they made their report, the Secretary would inform the Directors whether their valuation accor-

ded with that of the Bank, or in what respect it differed, so as to enable the Board to accept the terms or to offer others, or in some mode advance the settlement. It is much to be regretted that such a course was not pursued. But, since the month of September, when the Secretary apprised the Board of the coming of the Commissioners, who were to report their estimate to him, no communication of any kind whatever was made to them by the Secretary; but while waiting to know whether their valuation was acceptable to him, or in what it was deemed deficient, they were surprised by a communication, not to them but to Congress, stating the failure of his negociation. They regret this, because, if the Board had been made acquainted with the wishes of the government as explained in the report now made to Congress, they would have instantly and cheerfully acceded to them. That regret is deepened by another measure of the Secretary, which seems alike unauthorized and unfortunate.

The act of Congress of the 23d of June, 1836, directed the Secretary to "receive the capital stock belonging to the United States, in such instalments and payable at such times, and with such rates of interest, as he shall see fit to agree to, and also to settle and adjust the claim for surplus profits, accruing on said capital stock, on such terms as he may think proper."

When this act passed it was perfectly well known to every member of Congress that, for nearly four years preceding, there had been a disputed question of law between the Government and the Bank, in regard to damages on a bill of exchange, which the Bank had in vain urged the Executive to pursue before the judicial tribunals. The subject had been often before Congress—before the Committee of Ways and Means in 1833, who proposed no measure in regard to it—before the Committee on Finance of the Senate, who, in their report of the 18th of December, 1834, declared that the right of the Bank "was founded in strict law;" that "the retainer was avowedly made to procure a submission to the courts and juries of the country;" and that "if the Government thinks itself wronged by such proceedings, the law prescribes the manner in which it shall seek redress." With the full knowledge of these facts, when Congress authorized the Secretary to settle with the Bank for the capital stock, and surplus profits, they certainly could not have intended to refuse the receipt of this capital stock and surplus profits, unless the Bank should surrender, unconditionally, its right to a judicial trial of the question which one of their own standing committees had decided in favor of the Bank.

Yet, without any, even the slightest authority from Congress, the Secretary, as appears by the public documents, has determined that he will never settle with the Bank without a previous surrender of its rights—declaring that, "preliminary to a final adjustment of this interest the Treasury Department would REQUIRE that the Bank SHOULD PAY that portion of the dividend on the stock of the United States which had been withheld for damages on the draft of the French Government." Now, it is manifest that this is a proceeding which Congress did not authorize, and can scarcely sanction. It cannot be that the Congress of the United States, after passing a law declaring the mode in which questions between the Government and the citizens are to be adjudicated, and after seeing the Bank pursue exactly that mode, will now endeavor to force the institution out of the path of law, by refusing to adjust other interests which have no connexion whatever with that controversy.

The original claim of damages was a necessary act of duty by the Bank in favor of the Government, who, if there was any right to draw the bill, had an equal right to the damages. The pecuniary interest involved was and is a matter of indifference. It was only the tone assumed in regard to it, and the evident design of forcing the Bank to abandon its rights, which gave importance to the claim and forbade the surrender of it.

The Board of Directors would deem themselves faithless not merely to the institution but to the cause of constitutional freedom, if they could be thus driven from the courts of justice by any menace from an executive officer. They have accordingly decided the question deliberately and irrevocably. If the proffer of a judicial decision is accepted by the Government, the Bank will cheerfully abide the result. But until then, there should not be, and there cannot be, any surrender, or concession, or compromise.

The Board of Directors will now make one final offer to settle, and they make it directly to your honorable bodies, so as to avert the hazard of any further mediation. They learn from the printed report of the Secretary that the commissioners would have recommended the following terms of settlement:

To value each share of the stock at $115 58, and receive payment for it by equal instalments, payable in Sept. 1837, 1838, 1839, 1840, with six per cent. interest until paid.

The Board of Directors agree at once to these terms, and are ready to carry them into execution.

They do not stop to inquire whether this be not too much. They prefer that it should be too much. They will never differ with Congress about mere sums of money, and are specially anxious to terminate their connexion with the Government in a manner satisfactory to all parties. By order of the Board.

N. BIDDLE, President.

Mr. Ingersoll then proceeded to state that the memorial went the whole length of adopting the terms of settlement which the Secretary of the Treasury was understood to desire. The stock held by the Government has been valued by the commissioners appointed by the Department at $115 58, and they propose that payment shall be made by equal instalments in Sept. 1837, 1838, 1839 and 1840, with interest at six per cent. till paid. To this the Bank distinctly accedes. What more can be desired? He therefore moved that the memorial be referred to the Committee of Ways and Means, and that it be printed. Agreed to.

On motion of Mr. Cambreleng, the House then proceeded to the orders of the day.

The Admission of Michigan was celebrated with great spirit at Detroit on the 8th. Gov. Mason, and nearly all the State officers, attended. The toasts were highly complimentary to Messrs. Benton, J. Q. Adams, and other conspicuous champions of Michigan in Congress.

Hon. Alex. H. Everett, it is said, is about to be called to the Editorship of a new Administration journal at Washington. We shall rejoice to find the rumor well founded. Mr. Everett is a gentleman, a scholar, and a statesman, and cannot fail to make a creditable paper.

Hon. John W. Davis, M. C. from the Vincennes District, Indiana, declines a reelection. He is a Van Buren man, and his district gave an adverse majority at the late Presidential election.

Hon. Thomas J. Evans, (Whig,) is a candidate for Congress in Mr. Hannegan's District, Indiana. The District gave a Harrison majority, but we understand Mr. Hannegan is personally popular.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

By the ship Tennessee, Capt. Matteson, which arrived on Tuesday morning from Liverpool, we have London advices to the 17th—seven days later than preceding accounts. The intelligence is of varied and moderate interest.

The suspense which hung over the fate of the packet ship Erie yet continues. Some believe she was, others that she was not wrecked in the great storm about the last of December. The bare fact, however, that nothing definite has been heard from her, makes in favor of her safety.

The Money Market has not fully recovered from the pressure, and stocks have not experienced a further improvement. Trade continues moderately and steadily prosperous, and cotton fully maintains its price. This is welcome news to the merchants as well as planters of this country. The rate of exchange on England in this city has improved (i. e. fallen) in consequence.

The British revenue for 1836 exceeds that for 1835, by near twelve millions of dollars!—and this notwithstanding the reduction of the stamp duty on newspapers from fourpence each to one penny. The Excise or domestic tax has largely increased, while the receipts from impost duties have diminished, during the last quarter.

SPAIN.—There is no longer room to doubt that the Queen's troops under Espartero, with the English auxiliaries commanded by Gen. Evans, have forced the Carlists to raise the siege of Bilboa, with very considerable loss. Espartero remained at Bilboa on the 1st of January: and it appears that the Carlists remain in force in the immediate vicinity. The division of Alaix, with the Portuguese auxiliaries, marched through Burgos on the 27th of December, in the direction of Vittoria, there to act against the Carlists. It was reported that a letter had been intercepted by Espartero, which proves that the despotic powers of Europe were prepared to declare in favor of Don Carlos, and support his claims by force, had Bilboa been taken.

General Mina, a zealous friend of constitutional liberty, and a brave but cruel partisan leader, died at Barcelona on the 1st.

SPAIN.—The Queen has issued a decree, conferring extraordinary honors on the city, the defenders, and the army which relieved Bilboa. The city is henceforth to be known as 'the Invincible!'

The accounts from Madrid are to the 8th of January. They state, according to the London Times, that no accounts had reached Government from Espartero, since the despatch which announced his entry into Bilboa. The Liberals were full of hope at the approaching triumph of the Queen's cause, notwithstanding that the treasury was empty, and the army in want of the common necessaries of provisions and clothing. In Ribeira's division, the Guards expressed discontent that other than their own corps were called upon to furnish the Queen's guard. General Narvaez had received orders to march to St. Sebastian, and, in conjunction with the British auxiliary troops, to commence operations in that quarter. Cabrera, so far from having been killed, was alive, well and daring, at Calatayud, and intended proceeding once more to Lower Arragon.

The Frankfort papers contain an announcement of the death of his Royal Highness, Duke William, of Bavaria, on the 9th of January, at Bamburg, in the 80th year of his age.

FRANCE.—The new Ministry of Louis Philip has been beaten in the Chamber of Deputies, and on a most important question—one involving the whole foreign policy of the nation, and remotely threatening the peace of Europe. The subject in debate was the response to the King's Speech at the opening of the session; and the third paragraph of the Ministerial draft ran thus:

"Your Majesty hopes that the peace of Europe is for a long time assured. We concur with joy in this expressed hope, and France will applaud herself for having, by her firmness and her wisdom, contributed to the maintenance of the peace of the world."

To this paragraph M. Odillon Barrot proposed to add these words—"Which repose can never be more strongly guaranteed than when it shall rest upon the respect of rights consecrated by treaties, and among which France will never cease to place in the first rank those of the ancient nationality of Poland."

The President having put the question upon this amendment, the extreme left, the left centre, and a portion of the right sections of the house, rose in the affirmative, but the President declared the question of majority doubtful. A second essay was followed by a similarly unsatisfactory result, whereupon a division took place, when there appeared—For the amendment, 189; against it, 181. Majority against Ministers, 8.

The announcement of this victory of the opposition was followed by loud and long continued cheering.

What will Russia say to this demonstration of national feeling?

ENGLISH ITEMS.—It is understood that the Whig Ministry are prepared to take more decidedly popular grounds at the next session of Parliament. They will still oppose the Reform of the House of Lords, the abolition of Titles, and other Radical measures; but will favor the commutation of Tithes in Ireland, the redress generally of Irish grievances, the relief of Dissenters, and possibly the adoption of the Ballot in elections.

Sir Robert Peel was to dine with the Conservatives of Glasgow on the 14th. The dinner was to be given and attended by 3,000 persons.

O'Connell is losing his popularity in England. His opposition to Poor Laws for Ireland is not relished.

LATER FROM LIVERPOOL.—The packet ship Chatham, Capt. Gorham, arrived at Boston on Monday from Liverpool, with dates to the 21st—four days later. She does not dispel the cloud which hangs over the fate of the Erie.—The Money Market had improved. Cotton had slightly declined. The influenza prevails to a most alarming extent in London. The Royal Family are among the sufferers. The rumored dangerous illness of O'Connel is contradicted.

Eleven old ships of war belonging to the British navy had been sold at public auction, and brought the gross amount of £22,450. Several of them had 'braved the battle and the breeze' for centuries, and one of them was once Admiral Duncan's flag-ship.

We find nothing important from France. The French King's speech to the Chambers had arrived at Madrid, and greatly disconcerted the Ministers. By advices from that capital to the 8th Jan. it appeared the Ministers were constantly attacked by their opponents on the shameful neglect with which the army in the South had been treated—being in want of every necessary, both food and clothing.

The Court of Assizes was proceeding with the trial of Col. Vaudrey and others, charged with the revolutionary movement in connexion with young Bonaparte.

Speaking of the news from Spain, the Liverpool Mercury of the 20th says, "The relief of Bilboa by Espartero, aided by the British marines, has given a blow to the Carlist cause from which it can never recover, if the victory be only followed up by the Queen's Generals, as it ought to be. We are glad to see there is some prospect of this being done."

Advices from Stockholm to the 30th Dec. represented the King of Sweden as laboring under severe indisposition; and those from Copenhagen of the 31 Jan. give a similar report in relation to the King of Denmark.

NEW-YORK.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Authors and Readers" (J. S. M.) is accepted and will appear forthwith.
"The Scottish Covenanters" (J. L.) is likewise accepted.
"The Harp of the Minstrel" (Geneva) do.
"Life's Hopes" (Ganymede,) do.
"A Reminiscence of my Pilotship" (H. B.) is too local in incident and interest to suit our columns.

"*Homer.*"—Nos. XXXII., III., IV., of Harpers' Classical Library, have just been laid on our table, comprising the works of Homer, translated by Alexander Pope. Of the absolute merits or character of these works, so justly regarded as the first and noblest efforts of the Epic Muse, we need say nothing. The class to which they belong does not hold in our judgement the first place in the gradation of poetic excellence. The Epic Poem is undoubtedly one of the highest efforts of the human intellect among a rude and barbarous people, just emerging into the daylight of civilization; but it is inferior in character and effect to the more daring and felicitous flights of the Dramatic Muse even; and still more decidedly to that modern school of poetry which may be distinguished as the philosophic or intellectual—to that school of which Childe Harold may be instanced as an example. Thus deeming, we are half disposed to regard the extravagant admiration which so often asserts the preeminence of Homer over all other poets as pedantic if not insincere. But of this another time. No one will dispute the propriety of including the Iliad and the Odyssey in the contents of a Classical Family Library, and few will cavil at the preference of Pope's Translation over all others. True, the men of lore inform us that this version is not Homer but Pope, and all will admit that it is not a literal rendering, but rather such a poem as Homer would or might have made it had he written when and where Pope translated it. We are hardly sure that this is not the most proper, at least the most generally satisfactory, mode of rendering a poem into another language, provided the translator be qualified for his undertaking; and if he is not, he should refrain from meddling with the subject at all. A strictly verbal rendering may give no idea of the scope and spirit of the author, while a free one is faithful in the aggregate though exceptionable in the details. Enough. The English student may now obtain the works of Homer in a convenient form for a trifle.

"*American Monthly Magazine.*"—The March No. of this staunch periodical is an excellent one—worth a dozen of its immediate predecessor. The contributed papers are good, and those of the Editors better. Dr. R. M. Bird of Philadelphia, has been associated in the conduct of the work. Its execution, in every department, is creditable to American literature.

"*Naval Magazine.*"—The March No. of this work is almost entirely composed of papers of general interest and high character. Indeed, there are scarcely five pages which may not be as profitably perused by a landsman as a son of Neptune. The principal articles treat of the following subjects: Journey from Vienna to Belgrade in 1836; Essay on Astronomy; A Ride to Casa Blanca; Rambles of Christopher Glam; Capt. Beechey's Voyage; The U. S. Ship Delaware.

N. P. Willis.—Saunders & Otley have in press on both sides of the Atlantic a new volume of Poems by our distinguished and admired countryman, from which the "Lines on leaving Europe" on another page are extracted. We can recall nothing, even from his pen, more effectively beautiful.

"*The Honey-Moon and other Tales.*"—A motley collection of stories recently published from the pens of James, D'Israeli, Chorley, Crofton Croker, Haynes Bayley, Leitch Ritchie, Lady Blessington, Mrs. S. C. Hall, Miss Mitford, &c. &c. has just been 'got up' in two cheap volumes by Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. The reader may have 'forgathered' with some of them in the last Annuals, but they are pleasant companions for an idle hour notwithstanding. (C. Shepard.)

"*The Humorist.*"—Carey & Hart have republished the first number of Hook's new periodical as a separate volume for light readers. There are some good things in it, but they hardly warrant its divorce from the New Monthly Magazine, of which it forms an integral part. One or two good stories have been added; but still, this is not 'The Humorist, by Theodore Hook,' but a number, or rather half a number of a periodical edited by him. It will bear reading excellently, however, and only consume half an evening. (C. Shepard, 189 Broadway.)

Foster's Reprints.—Mr. Foster has issued his reprints of The Metropolitan and Blackwood's Magazine fairly though compactly printed. The last number of the Edinburgh Review has likewise reached us from his press. Mr. F. is now the only republisher of the British Quarterlies and Monthlies in America, having precluded all hope of successful rivalry by the cheapness and neatness of his editions.

We learn that he will forthwith bring out the January No. of the New Monthly Magazine and Humorist, edited by Theodore Hook, which we have long esteemed the best of the British Monthlies. We marvel that it has not been reprinted here long ago, since it is every way superior to the Metropolitan. The new series now commenced, embracing The Humorist, is a very decided improvement on the earlier issues of the New Monthly, and we cannot doubt that the American edition will command an extensive patronage.

"*A Letter to the Gentlemen of New-York, on the subject of Matrimony, by a Lady,*" has just been published by Craighead & Allen, 112 Fulton-st.

"*Journal of the American Institute.*"—No. 5, Vol II., of this work lies before us. It enters warmly upon the defence of the Protective System, in opposition to Mr. Cambreleng's bill for the Reduction of the Tariff. We deem this an excellent number. The character of the work may be gleaned from the following table of contents:

Editors to the public; The Protective Policy attacked; Brusa Mulberry; Respectability of Labor; The Chinese Mulberry; Frauds in the sale of trees, &c.; Burning of Patent Office, and Mr. Ruggles's Report; A bill in addition to the act to promote the progress of Science and Useful Arts; Statement by the Secretary of the Treasury of the receipts and expenditures for Patents; Schedule of records and papers burnt in the Patent Office; List of books in the Patent Office Library destroyed; Estimate of the loss sustained by the Patent Office—estimated amount required to restore the loss of do.; American Patents issued in March, 1836; Communication on the Protection of American Manufactures, by a merchant of this city; Silk Reeling—Editor's remarks; Gen. Tallmadge's Letter on Silk Reeling. *Notices.* Iowa Copper Mines; Cochran's many-chambered Rifle; Van Dyck's American Manufactured Mustard; Mott's Cast Iron Fronts; Barnard Slate Quarry; Blanchard's Patent for turning irregular forms; Model of George Eyle's new and improved vibrating Steam Engine; American edge Tools; Warren's Patent Threshing Machine; Brayton's new Throstle Spinning Machine; Goss's improved Shingle and Lath Sawing Machine; Hall's Window-shutter Fastener; Floating Dock and improved Railroad; Hull & Critcherson's Stone Dressing Machine; Capt. Bennet's new Steam Engine; Experiments and inquiries in relation to Magnetism, by Jonas Humbert, Jr.

"*The Ladies Companion*" for March, is embellished with views of the late U. S. Branch, now New-York State Bank, Wall-st. the Rotunda, Chambers-st. St. George's Church, Beekman-st. Grace Church Broadway, and St. Patrick's Cathedral.

New Music.—J. F. Atwill, 201 Broadway, has just published "Smile on me, Dearest," from the Opera of the Maid of Cashmere (Auber;) "Les Delices de la Valse," (Four Waltzes) by Miss M. L. Gibson; "Daughter Fair of Venice," A Barcarole by J. M. Church Esq. and the "Tortuna Gallop," as performed by the Prague Company—the music by J. Strauss. Those wishing piano, harp or flute music, will find a great variety at Atwill's Music Saloon.

Paintings.—The attention of the Fine Arts is invited to a large collection of Paintings now exhibiting at the Arcade, Chambers-st., and soon to be offered for sale. Among them are several sea-pieces, spirited and effective, a Crucifixion, and a great number of groups combining every variety of expression and attitude.

Destructive Fire.—About 9 o'clock on Thursday evening a fire broke out in the large six-story brick store No. 177 Water street, near Burling Slip, occupied by Pollen & Colgate as a Dye, Paint, Oil and Glass store, and one of the largest establishments in the city. The whole building was in flames when the doors were opened, and so filled with combustible materials that its extinguishment was impossible. An explosion soon took place, which shook the walls to their foundation, and somewhat checked the exertions of the firemen—who could have effected nothing, however, as the roof was too high to be reached by the engines. The building and contents were entirely destroyed. The goods were worth about $100,000, which amount was insured on them—mainly in Boston, Philadelphia, Hartford and Providence.

No. 175, five-story, occupied by Van Winkle & Randall, and William H. White, as a fur store, was also entirely destroyed;—goods principally saved. No. 179, two-story, Henry Storms' saddlery, do. do. Nos. 18, 20 and 22, Burling Slip, occupied by F. Gemmon, C. O. Steinfelt, wire and sieve factory, and J. & R. Dunn, tin manufactory, all old wooden buildings, were crushed by the falling of the walls of the great store.

The fire was got under at 2 o'clock A. M., when the walls of No. 175 fell in. The stores on the opposite side of Water street were long in imminent danger, but the energetic action of the Fire Department saved them. The origin of the fire is not explained. It is said to have broken out from the cellar and second story at the same time. The whole loss is estimated at $300,000.

Benjamin Rathbun, the great Buffalo operator, has issued a manifesto, asserting his innocence of the extensive forgeries committed in his name. He seems to attribute them mainly to his brother Lyman, who has escaped to Texas. He complains that he is kept in close and guarded confinement, and not allowed to assist by his counsel and experience in the disposal of his immense property and the settlement of his business.

Our Legislature have effected a larger amount of nothing the past week than usual. No occasion for particulars.

P. S. The Senate has kicked out of doors the petitioners for extending the right of trial by jury to negroes claimed as slaves, by a vote of 17 to 8.

Hon. George M. Dallas, according to the last Whig rumor, is to be appointed Minister to Russia.

State Capitol.—Some of the Western papers are agitating the question of a removal of the seat of government from Albany to Utica. The day for such a step must come, unless the rapid growth of this city shall counterbalance that of the West.

Hon. Daniel B. Tallmadge has been appointed a Judge of the Superior Court of this State, in place of Hon. Josiah O. Hoffman, deceased.

The Military Court of Inquiry at Fredericktown has reaffirmed its published opinion, fully acquitting Gen. Scott of the charges of malconduct and delay in the prosecution of the Indian Campaigns. After again transmitting this decision to the President, the Court adjourned. Its opinion in the case of Gen. Gaines has not transpired. The defence of that officer is violently abusive of Gen. Scott.

From the Richmond Enquirer.

We trust all will yet be well. We trust, that full justice will be done to the gallant Scott—but if the President himself does not,—if that distinguished man has not the time nor the impressions necessary to *render* the full tribute to his merits and services, we will then repeat with Mr. Rives, who declared in the Senate on Friday last, that "as to the reputation of Gen. Scott, it was a prominent part of our national history, it constituted a great portion of the moral riches of the State which he (Mr. R.) had the honor to represent. He felt proud of that reputation, and he believed, whatever might be the decision of the President, that the nation would do him justice."

As to what rumor says of Gen. Gaine's denunciations of Gen. Scott in his intended *defence*—Traitor, &c. &c.—we cannot believe it—it would be an outrage on common sense, which would defeat itself. We will not believe such an *extravaganza*, until we see it.

The Public Lands.—The following is the amount of moneys received for sales of Public Lands, (as appears by a document sent to Congress,) at the Land Offices in the States and Territories, within the year 1836, so far as the returns have been received: [Nat. Intel.

Ohio	$1,653,455 27
Indiana	4,007,966 80
Illinois	3,863,867 87
Missouri	1,971,965 29
Alabama	2,093,526 03
Mississippi	2,323,167 48
Louisiana	1,063,632 67
Michigan	5,053,611 52
Arkansas	1,134,358 43
Florida	62,154 79
Wisconsin	755,466 03
Total	$23,983,192 18

Banks in Delaware.—The Wilmington Gazette thus notices some of the finished business of the Legislature of Delaware:

"The bank questions were finally settled on Saturday last. On that day, three several bills were passed, by which the charters of the Farmers Bank, the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine and of the Bank of Smyrna, are respectively extended for the term of twenty years from the present time. The capital stock of the Farmers' Bank is to be increased from $500,000 to $1,000,000—the State to have the privilege of subscribing $250,000 of the increase. The stock of the Bank of Wilmington and Brandywine is to be increased from $120,000 to 200,000—and the bank is to pay a bonus of $3,000 to the State. There is no addition to the capital of the Bank of Smyrna."

Northern and Central Bank of England.—A new joint stock bank has been formed upon a portion of the ruins of the Northern and Central Bank, now under the guardianship of the Bank of England. A considerable number of gentlemen of ample means have purchased the Liverpool Branch Bank of the Northern and Central, and have resolved to conduct it upon the best rules of banking policy, independent of any co-ordinate connection, or branch responsibility.

New Banks.—The Legislature of New-Jersey has granted charters for two new Banks, to be located in Essex county. One of them, the Bank of New-Jersey, is to be located in Newark, with a capital of $1,000,000, with the privilege of increasing it to $1,500,000, and the other the Citizen's and Mechanics' Bank, in Elizabethtown, with a capital of $300,000. The business interests of this section of New-Jersey require an increase of banking capital, and, with proper management, these new institutions will be very advantageous to the business men of these two flourishing places. [Gazette.

Duel in Texas.—The New Orleans correspondent of the Courier states that a duel had taken place between Brigadier Gen. Johnson and Brigadier Gen. Felix Houston, in consequence of the appointment of the former to the command of the army. Gen. Johnson was wounded.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.—The packet ship Independence, Capt. Nye, arrived at this port from Liverpool this (Friday) morning, bringing London papers to the 24th, and Liverpool to the 25th.

Nothing decisive from the Erie. The influenza prevails frightfully in England and France. Some regard it as typhus fever. The coadjutors of young Louis Bonaparte in the Strasburg affair have been acquitted. The French Ministry have carried their Address responsive to the King, somewhat amended, by a large majority; but their stability is not credited. In Spain, the Queen's troops are preparing for a vigorous demonstration upon the Carlist strong-holds. Another revolution is expected at Lisbon. The British Admiral is in readiness to protect English property.

LATEST FROM CANTON.—By the ship Monsoon, Capt. Remmonds, we have Canton papers to Oct. 18th. They, however, contain no news of importance.

A fire occured at Canton on the 9th of Sept. which destroyed 41 houses, and 15 others were torn down.

The fate of the missing English brig Fairy is ascertained. She was wrecked near Chiopokwin on the Canton coast, and her company, in attempting to land, were attacked by the natives and about twenty of them killed.—Some of the rest were badly wounded.

Late reports from Peking describe the great drought there during the past summer. Sacrifices and burning incense by the Emperor himself and his near relations having proved unavailing, orders were given to immediately examine into the cases of all criminals confined in the jails of Pechaie province for slight offences, and to discharge them forthwith: such clemency it was hoped would cause the genial showers to descend. [Gazette.

MEXICO.—We have received a private letter from a friend, dated at Tepic, sixty miles east of San Blas, Mexico, Jan. 7, which says—"It is apparent that the government of Mexico is in a miserable condition, destitute of funds or credit, troops unpaid, and revolutions in all parts of the republic. The excitement against the citizens of the United States is very great, owing to the part they are supposed to have taken in producing the revolutions in Texas and California." [N.Y Gazette.

FLORIDA.—The report of the capture of Osceola proves to have been, to use the softest term, premature. Late accounts assert that he still holds out, though overpowered, fugitive, starving, and bereft of nearly all his followers. It is thought that he can have but five or six with him, mainly negroes. The submission or capture of the greater portion of the hostiles, including the chiefs Jumper and Micanopy, is confirmed.

Another Battle—Death of Capt. Mellen.—By the steam packet Cincinnati, Capt. Curry, from Garey's Ferry, Florida, the Savannah Georgian has received the Jacksonville Courier, of Feb. 16th, by which we learn that a battle took place at Encampment Monroe, at the head of Lake Monroe, Feb. 8th. The post was attacked at five in the morning. Col. Fanning was in command of 250 regulars, and Capt. Piercy, of the U. S. Navy, of 89 friendly Indians. Capt. Mellen, of the U. S. Army, was killed. Lt. J. T. M'Laughlin and 14 privates wounded. The hostiles were 3 to 400 strong. The battle lasted till 8 A. M., when the Indians retired. The hostiles, it is supposed, were commanded by Philip and his gang. The battle was furiously contested. Lieut. Thomas succeeded, during the action, in getting on board the Santee steamer, lying off, and played upon the hostiles his six pounder, with great effect. The action, it is presumed, occurred before the news of the truce had reached the hostiles, as Col. Fanning had not received any intelligence of it. This gallant officer was the first to route the Seminoles in a pitched battle, and will probably have been the one who has given them the last chorus of American rifles that will salute their ears. We hope it will not turn out that Jumper has been playing off on Jesup the same game Osceola did on Gaines.

The forces at Fort Monroe returned to Volusia on the 11th, no Indians having been seen about the Fort from the 8th up to the 11th.

It is the general opinion that the above affair will not break up the truce now existing, nor have any effect on the course the Indians will pursue in relation to closing the war by yielding themselves up for removal.

Later.—A letter received by the Savannah Georgian, dated Feb. 15th, gives it as the opinion of Paddy Carr, Chief of the friendly Creeks, that the war is about to terminate speedily—that the Seminoles are cut up and exhausted, and that at the recent and last severe action at Fort Monroe, a vast number of them had been killed and wounded. Paddy himself, and his Indians, aver that they detected in the sand the trail where the Seminoles had drawn 72 dead from the battle ground. [Star.

Emigrating Creeks.—It will be recollected by some of our readers, that a few weeks since, information was received here that a party of Creek Indians under the chief, Tuck-i-batch-i-had-joy, had made a stand but a few miles west of Potts's, and after remaining there a longer time than was necessary for them to recruit, were ordered away on their march by Mr. Potts, which they peremptorily refused, saying they were west of the Mississippi, and it was not in the power of any one to compel them to go on. They said the threats of the whites might serve to alarm little boys—but *they* were men!

Intelligence being conveyed to Colonel Teevault, commander of Pope county militia, of the audacious language held by this chief, he, by the authority of two proclamations issued by the Governor of this State on the 22d of October and 6th of December, made a requisition, dated Dec. 26, on the companies of his regiment for an armed force, and in two or three days upwards of one hundred mounted men appeared under arms for a forcible expulsion. But they were not needed; the Indians getting wind of the movement, decamped in the night about the 1st of January, and made a precipitate flight.

This circumstance (unimportant of itself) has been noticed by us merely for the example it affords, as another proof of the promptness of our militia when called to duty. [Arkansas Gazette, Jan. 15.

Horrid Suspicion.—John Delliver, a rich settler at Tariff, Ohio, has been committed to prison there, for the supposed murder of a family consisting of four persons, named Gorgas, in the year 1834-5, whose property he took possession of, reporting they had emigrated to Missouri. Two of the bodies had been discovered; and plunder is supposed to have been the only incentive to this outrageous and bloody deed. [Star.

New Grenada.—Late information via Baltimore, says that Russell, the English Consul, has been released from prison at Panama, and was hourly expected at Carthagena, where he would no doubt succeed in producing an amicable arrangement with Commodore Peyton, who was maintaining a strict blockade of all the ports, with a large fleet.

Gov. Boggs of Missouri, and Mr. Jameson, Speaker of the House of Representatives, have had a very serious quarrel. The Governor, in consequence of it, has since refused to address his legislative communications to the Speaker, and addressed them directly to the House. That body, very properly, has laid them upon the table by a unanimous vote, and is determined to do so until His Excellency shall see fit to mend his manners.

Hon. Thomas R. Mitchell, a distinguished son of South Carolina, died recently at his residence at Georgetown in that State.

Murder.—A young man named George Webster was killed at Alexandria, D.C. on the 25th ult. by Lorenzo Pelton, a lad of 16, who stabbed him to the heart in King-st. about 9 at night. Further particulars unknown.

Alabama Prices.—A correspondent in Alabama states that a Judge there "gets only $1,500, while a head cook at one of the principal hotels, or a steward on board a steamboat receives $1,750." This only proves that the good people of the Cotton Paradise have more respect for the *laces of digestion* than for the *digested laces*.

Appointments by the President, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

George Slocum to be Consul at Rio Janeiro.

Edward H. Thompson to be Consul for Basle in Switzerland.

Nathaniel Garrow to be Marshal for the Northern District of New-York.

The Great Railroad.—The Legislature of Kentucky have passed the amendment proposed by South Carolina to the charter of the Charleston and Cincinnati Railroad, making Lexington the western terminus of the road.

A Splendid Phaeton, made of the wood of the frigate Constitution was presented to the President by some New York gentlemen on the 22d ult. To the letter accompanying the present, the President made an appropriate reply.

Col. John Cox was on Monday re-elected Mayor of Georgetown, D.C. Vote: Cox 195, Henry Addison 135.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE—*Singular and Fatal Prediction.*—A most melancholy tale of real life is related in the last Madrid journals. A gentleman named Don Gonzales L'Iondirier, is now being tried in that city, for the accidental murder of his father and mother, some years since.

It appears that during Napoleon's invasion, Gonzales, then a youth, and much devoted to his religious duties, on coming one day out of church at Cordova, where he resided, was accosted by one of those forlorn people, called, in Spanish, gitands, (gypsies,) who, to operate more powerfully on his sympathies, promised to tell him his fortune, for which purpose he accompanied the individual to their encampment. There he was told he would, in a certain number of years, murder his own father and mother, who, it was declared, had both sinned against their God. Gonzales was dreadfully impressed and made wretched with this, to him, unaccountable prediction, as he knew nothing to justify the imprecation against his respectable parents. He went home, and fell into profound melancholy. What was his horror to learn now, for the first time, that both his parents had been the tenants of convents, and violated their vows! Immediately he became plunged in grief, and determined to avoid, if possible, the commission of the crime designated for him, by retiring, unknown to all the world, to some distant mountains; which he did, and, in a solitary ravine, built him a hut, and devoted himself to religion and hunting.

A beautiful brunette peasant girl, named Catalina, came across his path. He became enamored, and married her. Immediately, without the shadow of a cause, he was seized with the most fiend-like jealousy. One night, during a dreadful rain storm, while absent in the mountains, or prowling about his domicile, to find some apology for the passion which haunted him—unknowingly to him, two wandering, aged persons, in distress, and drenched with rain, knocked at the door, and implored for lodging. The benevolent and innocent Catalina admitted them, put her husband's clothes on the old man, and hers on his wife, instead of theirs, which were wet; and learning, to her extreme joy, that they were the parents of her husband, in search of him, placed them on her bed to obtain repose, and went herself to the chapel in the garden, to offer up thanks for the fortunate event which had restored them to her.

Gonzales shortly after entered, with his double-barreled gun; and seeing, to his astonishment, a man on his bed, and near him his wife's clothes—instantaneously supposing his suspicions proved—shot both his father and mother, while asleep. What was his agony on learning, from his wife, who they were! The dreadful prediction was fulfilled. He became partially insane, and was finally brought to trial at Madrid. During the process, his wife has exhibited the most touching tenderness towards him, verifying the beautiful remark of the Spanish writer, that—"Woman is a divine emanation, sent down to the earth to alleviate misfortune, and console the unhappy."
Sunday Morning News.

HOW TO FIND YOUR WAY OUT OF A WOOD.—"In this perplexity, it was fortunate that I had elicited from the natives their mode of penetrating the vast forests of their birth, which till now have been a source of astonishment to every sojourner in North America. The most scientific observer, when involved in an extensive and unknown wood, at a time when the sun is obscured, although he should be in possession of every mathematical instrument he could wish, is totally unable to worm his way; and soon getting bewildered and fatigued, falls a sacrifice either to cold or starvation. With what uniformity a lost man travels in circles, in place of making a direct course, was exemplified in two gentlemen of the Hudson's Bay Company but a short time ago. While their men were occupied in making a portage, they strolled into the woods, and after a time, commenced their return. The period having elapsed that ought to have ended their walk, the cause was at once evident; yet they continued on, until reaching a fallen tree rather more remarkable than the rest, one of the two expressed an opinion that he had passed it but a few moments before; but, from want of unanimity, no further notice was then taken of the circumstance. A third time they reached the tree, yet not thoroughly convinced of the fact; so they engraved a mark, and a few minutes more actually brought them to the very same spot again. Seating themselves on their old friend, they wisely fired off their guns, the report of which soon brought some of the party to their relief.

"The Indian, however, is not exposed to such accidents; for he has learned, by experience, that that portion of each pine tree which points to the northern horizon, has fewer branches than that part which faces the opposite quarter, where, from exposure to the rays of the sun, germination is more productive. Under the terms of the rising and setting sun, the other principal points are known to the natives; and they have doubtless terms for many of the intermediate ones. Thus has Nature planted innumerable and never-failing compasses to guide through a trackless and interminable forest,

'Her sylvan tribes of children of the chase.'

Moreover, the inclination of the trees to the south are further guides; and if a valley or any other spot should intervene, where the sun has not exerted that influence, which is the case in more exposed situations, they are directed by the position of the fallen trees. Judging, from their appearance, of the period when they were blown down, and tracing in their memory the direction which the storm or hurricane then came, they are able to obtain tolerably correct bearings. To some persons this stretch of the mind may appear incredible; but to those who are acquainted with Indian character, it will not be a matter of the least astonishment.

"It was by such means that I reached the fort, and relieved the minds of my friends from an anxiety which my prolonged absence had occasioned." King's Artic Narrative.

Mr. Franklin Baltzell, a young man, whilst running with one of the Baltimore engines, was killed by being struck on the head with a stone. For a long time the Baltimore firemen attached to opposition companies have been at variance, and the unfortunate death of this young man has arisen from their dissensions.

Fire at Spencer.—A large woollen factory in Spencer, Mass., belonging to the Messrs. Browns & Co., was totally destroyed by fire on Saturday morning. Insured at the National office, Boston, for $10,000.

Hon. Charles Fenton Mercer is a candidate for re-election to represent the District composed of the counties of Loudoun, Fauquier and Fairfax, in the Twenty-Fifth Congress.

Counterfeits.—A counterfeit five dollar bill of the Bank of Georgia, says the Milledgeville Journal, has been brought to our office. The execution is a miserable failure. We understand that four or five of these notes were found in the road in the vicinity of this place a few days since.

THEATRICALS.—The past week has been marked by the revival of the Opera, under the star ascendant of Mrs. Gibbs, formerly Miss Graddon, of Covent Garden. She appeared on Friday evening in Cinderella—an ill chosen piece, since it has been absolutely worn out by hard service at the Park. Mrs. Gibbs, however, acquitted herself handsomely in a part which recalled Mrs. Austin, even more than Mrs. Wood, to the remembrance of their numerous and ardent admirers. She was warmly, universally, and at the last even rapturously, applauded. She appeared on Monday in The Marriage of Figaro, and on Wednesday again in Cinderella.

Mlle. Auguste is enacting pirouettes and pigeon-wings at the Park.

Mazeppa has been revived in most imposing style at the Bowery. Cook's beautiful stud of horses has been impressed into the service, and every nerve strained for effect. We do not like this sort of thing, but this is as good as any thing of the *genus*.

The National soon goes into the hands of Mr. Hackett, and the present Managers take measures to open a fifth! theatre in New-York, in what is now Masonic Hall. Well, five or fifty is all the same to those who do not visit them.

Mr. Forrest had just concluded an engagement at Liverpool at our last dates. He closed with Othello before a crowded house. His success is truly brilliant.

Jim Crow Rice is still starring it in England. Booth has been playing off his old tricks, refusing to appear after he has been announced. Mr. Forrest will soon return to this country.

Bulwer's play, The Duchess de la Valliere, has been produced at Covent Garden, and coldly received.

Married,

On Saturday, by Elder Isaac N Walter, Mr. Richard Seaman to Miss Elizabeth W. Starkins.

On Sunday, by the same, Mr. Levi O. White to Miss Melissa Farnham.

On Monday, by the same, Mr. James W. Holland to Miss Nancy Taylor.

On Monday, by Rev. Dr. Ferris, Mr. Peter Neefus to Mary Ann Hand.

On Tuesday, by Rev. Dr. Lyell, Mr. John A. Schuyler to Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Alexander Bleecker.

On Wednesday, by Rev. L. Jones, Mr. James Biddle to Miss Elizabeth Davis.

At Philadelphia, on the 28th ult. by Rev. Dr. Duccachet, Mr. Geo. B. Rollins, of this city, to Miss Anna Maria Moore, of Philadelphia.

At White Stone, L. I. on the 16th ult. by Rev. Mr. Van Kleeck, Mr. Isaac H. Smith, of this city, to Miss Phebe, daughter of Wm. Smith, of the former place.

Died,

On Saturday, Mr. Jonathan Wilkins, aged 48 years.

On Sunday, Mr. William Plympton, aged 44 years.

On Sunday, Benjamin V. son of Dr. John Davis, aged 5 years.

On Tuesday, Mrs. Sarah Merchant, aged 73 years.

On Wednesday, William R. son of W. Holley, aged 5 years.

On Wednesday, Joseph F. Carle, printer, aged 20 years.

At West Troy, on the 2d ult. Dr. A. Rockwell, Physician and Assistant Surgeon of the U. S. Arsenal, Watervliet, aged 40 years.

TO PRINTERS.

THE Type on which the New Yorker is now printed is offered for sale, to be delivered in good condition for removal, on the 27th of March.—We have determined to procure new fonts throughout, and therefore will sell those now used on very low terms, viz:

500 lbs. of Brevier at	25 cents per lb. cash, or	30 cts, 6 ms.		
100 "	Nonpareil	35 "	40	"
70 "	Agate	45 "	50	"
200 "	Brevier, (light face) at	28 "	33	"

All this type was bought new in August, 1835, and has been carefully used in printing The New Yorker only, under the immediate eye of the owner. None of it is used twice over the same week. (*N. B.* The Minion in which the poetry, &c. of our paper is now set, is of a very much older font, and of course affords no criterion of the worth of the residue.) All the column, head, and cross rules, title letter, &c. of both the Folio and Quarto will be sold low. To a printer wishing to establish or replenish a country office, the opportunity is deemed a fair one; as the type, when worked on a hand press, instead of a Napier, scarcely betrays an imperfection. Orders from a distance will be promptly and faithfully attended to. Feb. 18, 1836.

ROOM TO LET.—The first floor of the rear building No 20 Ann-st. will be let from the first of May. It is particularly well calculated for a Newspaper Printing Office, having a Napier Press driven by Steam immediately beneath it, and other conveniences. Room can be had by the occupant to put a Power Press of his own in the basement, and steam power can be had for it. Rent $300. Apply to H. Anderson in the third or J. Winchester in the fourth story.

TO MERCHANTS AND MILLINERS.—The best and cheapest Satin Beaver Bonnet Manufactory is now opened at 71 John-st. 2d story corner of Gold. Bonnets will be sold lined or unlined to suit purchasers. Best Silk Hat Varnish at $1 75 per gallon. P. BURD

THE NEW-YORKER.

On Saturday, the 25th of March, the subscribers will issue the first number of the Fourth Volume of The New-Yorker in its folio or ordinary newspaper form, on an entirely new and more beautiful type prepared expressly for their journal.

The general character and scope of The New-Yorker will remain unchanged. It will still aim to combine in the highest attainable degree the useful with the agreeable—substantial information with a pleasing interest—the instruction of the mind with the improvement of the heart. It will still be devoted in nearly equal proportions to Literature in its more restricted sense and to the current Intelligence of the day. Under the first department, (comprising the two outer pages of the sheet,) will be presented original and selected Tales, Essays, Poems, Reviews of new books of general interest, Extracts from the most popular and deserving works in press or just given to the public, brief Biographical, Historical, Desultory, and Humorous sketches, Anecdotes, &c. &c. The department of Intelligence more especially (comprising the inner form of the paper) will embody the News of the Day, Foreign and Domestic, proceedings of Congress and acts of the National Executive, and more summarily of the State Legislature, with a still briefer notation of the more important Legislative measures of other States; also an impartial account of all important political movements and doings throughout the Union,—Conventions, Nominations, Elections, &c. &c. Beside these, the Editorial columns of the paper will contain free but courteous comments upon acts of legislation and other measures of public importance in force or in contemplation, avoiding as far as possible any allusion to or interference with party politics, local or National—exhibiting, whenever practicable, the arguments opposed to the views editorially advanced, and laboring rather to enforce the full and consistent application of acknowledged political truths than ambitiously to strike out new paths and propound new doctrines. Brief notices of new books, pamphlets, periodicals, and occasionally of the Drama and other sources of public amusement, will likewise be given.

New-York, Feb. 23, 1837. H. GREELEY & CO.

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The New-Yorker (folio) will be published every Saturday morning on a large imperial sheet of good paper and forwarded to its patrons, city and country, at Two Dollars per annum in advance. If not paid in advance, the price will be $2 50 within the year, or $3 when payment is delayed till its expiration. Any person remitting $10 free of postage or other charge will be entitled to six copies for one year, and in like proportion for any larger number.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be issued every Saturday evening, on a larger and better sheet (26 by 40) in a form expressly calculated for preservation. Each number will consist of sixteen pages of three columns each, (of the same width and about half the length of those of the folio,) and contain, beside all the matter of the folio excluding advertisements, two or three columns of additional literary selections, and a page of Music, prepared expressly for this paper under the supervision of a distinguished Professor and teacher of music. In this form, The New-Yorker is considerably the largest and most comprehensive weekly journal suitable for binding in America.

The Quarto New-Yorker will be forwarded to its subscribers for Three Dollars per annum in advance. Where payment is not made in advance, $3 50 will be required; if delayed till the expiration of the year $4. For six months the price will be $2 in advance. Any person who forwards us $5 positively free of postage or other charge, will be entitled to two copies for one year, and in the same proportion for a larger sum; but no subscriptions received through Agents will be taken on any other terms than those given above. No contracts made by any person whatever on other than our published terms will be acknowledged or ratified by the publishers; and they, being determined to fulfil to the utmost limit their obligations to their patrons, will in all cases insist on a like fulfilment of the consideration.

☞ Local Agents are entitled to charge us 20 per cent. commission on new subscriptions and 15 on collections, with postage on all letters containing a remittance of $5 or over—no others. A subscriber who takes a copy of each edition in his own name will be charged but $4 50 in advance for both.

*** Editors who receive this Prospectus *marked* will publish it if they see fit, and thereby be entitled to receive our paper in either form for the ensuing year. Those who do not so receive it will understand that the enormous extent of our exchange list renders a curtailment absolutely necessary, and that we do not wish them to place us under further obligation. From this date, we do not desire that any one shall so favor us unless specially requested.

☞ If any gentleman whose name appears in the list of Agents on our last page does not wish to act longer in that capacity, he is earnestly desired to give us notice of the fact forthwith. All who have acted as Agents are specially required to make up their accounts for the current volume immediately, and remit us any balance that may be due us. We ask for an early notice of all discontinuances at the close of the volume.

☞ All new subscribers to the next volume of our Quarto will receive the folio New-Yorker free of charge from the receipt of their subscriptions to the commencement of the new volume.

AMERICAN MONTHLY MAGAZINE.—March.—Contents.—*Original Papers.*—Specimens of the German Drama No. 1.—Werner's Twenty-fourth of February; Genius and Character of Mrs. Hemans; The Wreck of the Barque Mexico; Hits at Poetical Styles, No. 1; Last Words of Schiller; Splendid Failures, No. 1; Lines; Leaves from a Lady's Journal, No. 3; Vanderlyn; The Hunter's Flight; Copy-right Law, No. 2; The Deserted Ship.

Critical Notices.—Letters to Young Ladies, by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney; The Italian Sketch Book; New Views of Christianity, Society, and the Church; Home Tour through the Manufacturing Districts of England, in the summer of 1836; Lives of the most eminent British Commanders.

Monthly Commentary.—National Literature; The Wrecker's Daughter; The Bride of Genoa; Protection to American Seamen; Rights of Foreign Authors; Revolutionary Heroines.

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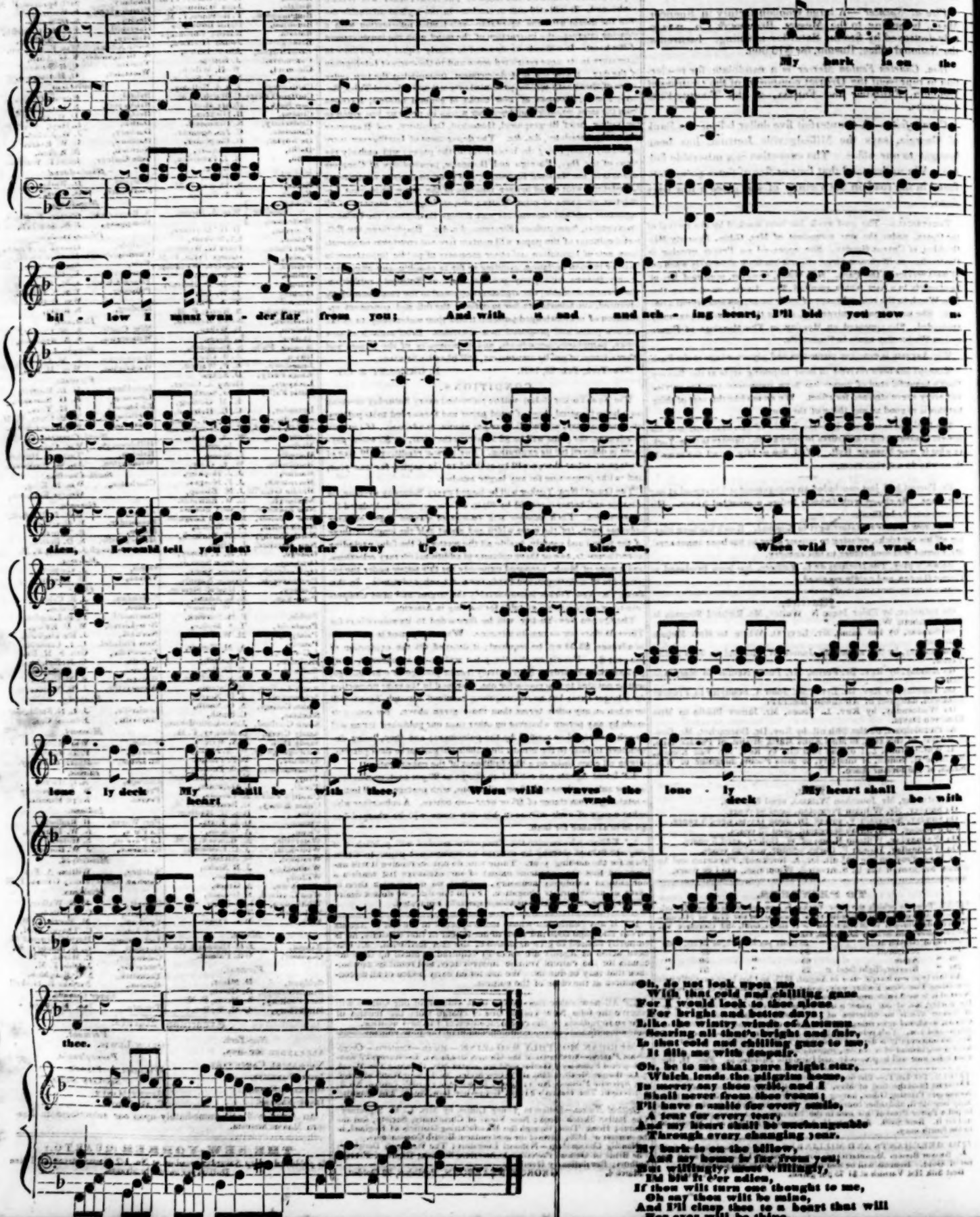

Oh, do not look upon me
With that cold and chilling gaze
For I would look to thee alone
For bright and better days;
Like the wintry winds of Autumn
Searing all that's bright and fair,
Is that cold and chilling gaze to me,
It fills me with despair.

Oh, be to me that pure bright star,
Which leads the pilgrim home,
In mercy say thou will, and I
Shall never from thee roam;
I'll have a smile for every smile,
A tear for every tear,
And my heart shall be unchangeable
Through every changing year.

My bark is on the billow,
And my home is far from you;
But willingly, most willingly,
I'd bid it o'er adieu,
If thou wilt turn one thought to me,
Oh say thou wilt be mine,
And I'll clasp thee to a heart that will
For ever will be thine.